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COMMENT OF
THE DAY

That Letter

The letter handed over by the Soviet Embassy in London to the Foreign Office, allegedly written by an American airman, and threatening to drop an atomic bomb on the British coast, is thought by some to be a student hoax, by others a Soviet fabrication, but the manner in which it was released will convince most people that Russia's only motive was to force a wedge in Anglo-American relations.

There have been a number of complaints recently—notably by Labour Party spokesmen—of American bombers flying over Britain carrying atom bombs. There have been scares in America where on one occasion a plane carrying an atom bomb crashed, without detonating it. The Prime Minister, Mr Macmillan has made statements on this subject in the House of Commons stressing that bombs carried in training flights are not "armed," but still fear of an accident persists.

It is not an unreasonable fear, but it would be wrong to suggest there is any widespread alarm. Most agreed that the bombs must be carried in training flights provided safeguards are adequate, and official assurances already given suggest that they are.

SOVIET propaganda, however, has found in this controversy opportunity for mischief and as yesterday's China Mail reported several apocryphal documents have been distributed by the Russians in recent months in an attempt to discredit the United States with its allies. The anonymous American airman's letter seems to be another of these.

To suggest that the letter is a hoax perpetrated by students discredits the ingenuity of British youth. The threat was ingenious, to say the least, and if the letter was sent by someone not connected with the Soviet Embassy, it was probably inspired by the Russians themselves.

It is tempting to think of it as the work of a moron but this would suggest that the Russians had been duped by a fool. The letter was in fact held by the Embassy for a number of days, photographed, and a copy sent to the Foreign Office. A Press release followed soon after. By appearing to take the threat seriously, and by breaking the news themselves, the Russians leave us in little doubt about its origin.

Empire Loyalists Demonstrate Against Makarios

London, July 4. Members of the League of Empire Loyalists startled more than 300 archbishops and bishops by demonstrating against Archbishop Makarios in the first full session today of the Lambeth Conference.

The League, an extreme right-wing body, made three separate demonstrations at this gathering of prelates of the Anglican communion from all over the world.

First, two bearded League members, disguised as bishops, spoke against the Greek Cypriot Archbishop from the body of the conference in Lambeth Palace. They protested against the invitation to Archbishop Makarios to attend the conference (which the leader of the "Union of Greece" movement declined).

Invited

When they had left the meeting the press were invited to take photographs of the conference and two "press representatives" turned out to be members of the League.

One of these was a pretty fashion model, Judy Moyen, who also made a speech against Archbishop Makarios.

When the distinguished clergymen had recovered from these two shocks the League's portable loudspeaker went into action—from the battlements of the grey 13th century palace.

Later, the four members of the League who took part in the protest described their "assignment" to reporters.

Hed-bearded Mr Austin Brooks—who was still wearing his disguise—defended his wearing of a cross.

He declared: "I am a Christian and thought I should wear a cross. If he (Makarios) can condone murder and terrorism with a cross."

No Protest

"I think no one is going to protest about that."

Mr Brooks spoke of the bishops' reaction to his protest. "They seemed to listen attentively," he said. "We hope that, within the Lambeth conference, they will denounce Makarios and that when statements on the conference are issued they will contain something to this effect."

"We hope they will denounce tolerance or terrorism."

When we arrived at the gates of Lambeth Palace we walked in and asked where was the conference. We were told and we went, said Mr Brooks.

"We sat down and waited and then at a moment when the conference was about to start I thought it was right to make the speech. I stood up and said it."

To Visit HK

Singapore, July 4. Two cruisers and four destroyers of the Indian Navy will pay a goodwill visit to Singapore next week it was announced yesterday.

The flotilla will be preceded on July 8 by the Indian Navy flagship, the "Mysoor" under Rear-Admiral A. Chakravarty.

She will sail for Hongkong on July 10—France-Press.

A Soviet Trap

Paris, July 4. The seven-nation Western European Union Assembly today rejected the Polish Rapacki plan for military disengagement in Central Europe, condemning it as a "Soviet trap" which would gravely endanger the security of the West.

A French right-wing radical, General Corneille-Molinier, proposed a "psychological counterblast" to the Rapacki plan.—Reuter.

Strike

Buenos Aires, July 4. Altogether 9,000 "Democratic" doctors went on an unlimited strike here today to protest against the appointment of a Peronist doctor as director of Buenos Aires municipal Clinic.

The previous holder of the post was sacked to give the Peronist Dr. Skeleton staff in hospitals are dealing with urgent cases.—France-Press.

*Begin reading
Today*
**OUR TWO BIG
SERIALS**
On P. 17 The Ross
Johnstone Story
On P. 8 Ian Fleming's
Doctor No

Survivors Of Globemaster Picked Up

Honolulu, July 4. A US Navy helicopter today picked up three survivors on a four-engined US Air Force Globemaster that went down in the Pacific between Hawaii and Johnston Island with nine men aboard.

The men had been sighted by a US Air Force search plane.

The helicopter, one of four

searching from the aircraft carrier USS Boxer, plucked the men from the sea and flew them back to the carrier.

The 90-ton C-124, a double-decked cargo plane, disappeared between Hickam Air Force Base, Hawaii, and Johnston Island, 750 miles to the southwest. The men were found 185 miles from Johnston.

GOOD CONDITION

The Air Force search plane said the men were clinging to a box when sighted. They climbed into the rats and "appeared to be in pretty good condition."

There was debris in the water "that could be part of a submerged aircraft," the search plane said.

It said there were several other Mac Wests in the area but observers were not certain if there were men in them.—UPI.

Limit Cancer

London, July 4. Dr C. H. C. Toussaint, of the conference of Commonwealth physicians here today added, "would normally be filled with a trading rather than a manufacturing community."

"The home government (and

still more the Americans) by cutting down trade with China forced them to choose otherwise and they have become inconvenient to a major British industry."

"But at its lowest, the falling down of Hongkong's 300,000 spindles would not check for more than a few months a decline in the Lancashire cotton industry that began long before the Hongkong industry was thought of."

"The implied charge against Hongkong is unworthy."

A renewed call for immediate action by the United Kingdom Government to deal with the problem of cotton cloth shipment from Hongkong was made.

LANCASHIRE CHARGES 'UNWORTHY' SAYS ECONOMIST

London, July 4. The Economist today said of the current cotton crisis in Britain: "If Lancashire is knocked-out, it will not be by the Hongkong midget."

The independent weekly review expresses this view after quoting Labour MP Mr Harold Wilson's figures in the House of Commons cotton debate this week that Lancashire has 27,000 spindles and Hongkong 300,000; and saying that Lancashire claimed 207,000 looms while Hongkong 10,000 working three shifts.

"In the new Hongkong mills," the Economist said, "conditions of employment are good by Eastern standards, but as speakers (in the debate) on both sides were quick to point out there are some mills where the work is longer and the pay less."

Trade Balance

In total Hongkong is one of the few countries with which the United Kingdom has a persistently favourable trade balance.

"Using the Hongkong figures (and therefore reversing the e.t.o.b. difference) Hongkong took British goods to the value of £42 million last year, and sent to this country goods worth £21 million."

"Thus the apparent that the Lancashire protectionists would like to protect. If they did so, they would upset something else as well—moral values."

The Economist said—"that gallantly" and with machinery drawn from Britain as well as America and Japan, Hongkong had managed to absorb refugees amounting to between a third and a half of its total numbers.

Little Window

Britain's brave little window on Communist Asia, the review added, "would normally be filled with a trading rather than a manufacturing community."

"The home government (and still more the Americans) by cutting down trade with China forced them to choose otherwise and they have become inconvenient to a major British industry."

"But at its lowest, the falling down of Hongkong's 300,000 spindles would not check for more than a few months a decline in the Lancashire cotton industry that began long before the Hongkong industry was thought of."

"The implied charge against Hongkong is unworthy."

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May Visit

Peking

Ottawa, July 4. Canada's Trade Minister, Mr Gordon Churchill, may visit Peking next autumn in an attempt to work out a trade agreement with China, the Canadian Press reported it had learned today.

The agency said Mr Churchill was known to be pressing hard

to building up trade with the Chinese mainland which this year had been buying large amounts of Canadian wheat.

Reuter.

MACMILLAN SUGGESTS TRIPARTITE TALKS ON CYPRUS PLAN

London, July 4. British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, in practically identical letters sent last June 10 to the Prime Minister of Greece and Turkey, suggested informal tripartite talks on the British Cyprus plan "at an intermediate point like Rome or Geneva," it was disclosed today.

Macmillan asked the Turkish President Adnan Menderes and Greek President Constantine Karamanlis to give "favourable consideration to the Cyprus plan in the spirit of the alliance and traditional friendship uniting our two countries."

Great Trouble

The letters, released today by the Foreign Office, said: "Your Excellencies may regard this as a bold and novel initiative. But circumstances are grave and I feel a great responsibility to leave nothing undone which could bring about the healing of this wound, for if it is left open, it will bring us all into great trouble."

Macmillan added: "I do not need to remind you of the gravity of the present situation, nor of the dangers which now threaten the Nato alliance. In my view, the dangers which threaten us have been increased because of the unhappy divisions over Cyprus."

"It is now not possible to bring to an end this dispute which has disturbed our unity and to make Cyprus into an island of controversy between allies but a land where we can demonstrate to the Nato alliance and to the world what friendly co-operation and partnership can achieve!"—France-Press.

Khrushchev Renews Anti-Tito Attacks

Moscow, July 4. Premier Nikita Khrushchev attacked Marshal Tito again today and swore to continue the "consistent and principled struggle" against the Yugoslav leader.

Khrushchev spoke in the presence of visiting Czechoslovak President Antonin Novotny at a mass meeting organised in Leningrad's Kirov engineering plant.

ALL EFFORTS

He told the Leningrad workers that the Communist and workers parties presented a determined front in all efforts to undermine Leninist unity and weaken the forces of real Socialism."

"Nobody," he said, "has waged or intends to wage a campaign against Yugoslavia and its people."

"But we have been waging, and will continue to wage, a consistent and principled struggle against any persons or groups, and the practice of developing the theory and the practice of revisionism, of socialist revisionism, of anti-Marxist and revisionist views."

U.P.I.

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Man Sets Out To Cross Atlantic In Plywood Boat

Sydney, July 4. BERT SMITH, 33, of Toronto set out on his solo trip across the Atlantic today in a home-made plywood boat.

Smith set sail from North Sydney, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia shortly after 7 a.m.

fly to Europe

PARIS. It's Art with a capital "A" in Paris. Mr. Artie, the Paris artist, is HAUGHTY in Europe.

ROME. When you throw your coin in the fountain, Mr. Artie, don't worry too much. Take a rucksack!

DUSSELDORF. Rumour has it that Mr. Artie is a bit of a show-off. Don't let him get away with it.

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Man against beast . . . man against man . . . in an eruption of simple passion and desire.

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PEDRO ARMENDARIZ
YVES MONTANDIn
MEN and WOLVESwith IRENE CEVARO
A Franco-Italian Production in
CINEMASCOPE and EASTMANCOLOR
English Dialogue

KING'S

air-conditioned
T O - M O R R O W
SPECIAL MATINEES

At 11.00 a.m. M-G-M presents

A VARIETY PROGRAMME
"TOM & JERRY" Technicolor Cartoons

At 12.15 p.m. M-G-M presents

Robert Taylor — Kay Kendall
in "QUENTIN DURWARD"
in CinemaScope & Technicolor

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

PRINCESS

WEEK-END MATINEES

TO-DAY AT 12.30 P.M. U.A. present

Charlie Chaplin in
"GOLD' RUSH"

To-morrow at 11.00 a.m. Columbia's

THE 3 STOOGES & TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

VARIETY PROGRAMME

To-morrow at 12.30 p.m. Paramount's

Dean Martin — Jerry Lewis — Donna Reed
in "CADDY"

Admission: 70 cts., \$1.00, \$1.50

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We list a few items out of hundreds —

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	BEFORE	NOW
Stretch Nylon socks (German make)	\$ 5.50	\$ 2.90 (a pr.)
"BOSTON" stretch belt	8.50	5.50 (a pr.)
Swiss, German, English ties	10.50	5.90 (a pc.)
Dacron/Nylon suiting 5 different shades	87.00	42.50 (3 1/4 yds.)
Dacron/Nylon/Orlon suiting	94.50	49.50 (3 1/4 yds.)
Dacron/Wool suiting 55% Dacron, 45% wool	106.50	59.50 (3 1/4 yds.)
Italian Silk/Worsted suiting in different shades	156.50	81.50 (3 1/4 yds.)
"ARROW" Coloured shirts	27.50	14.50 (each)
"AERTEX" sports shirt	23.50	12.50 (each)
"ARROW" sports shirts	27.50	14.50 (each)
"MCCREDOR" sports shirts	29.50	13.50 (each)
"SHIRTCRAFT" sports shirts	19.50	11.50 (each)
"AIRMAN" knitted shirts	19.50	12.80 (each)
"VAN HEUSEN" dress shirts	36.00	18.50 (each)
"B.V.D." Dacron/Cotton sports shirts	24.00	15.50 (each)

LADIES

DE LUXE silk finish all wool gaberdine	42.00 yd.	19.50 (a yd.)
American Printed cotton	7.50 yd.	4.50 (a yd.)
American Printed cotton skirts, 40 different patterns		
"JANTZEN" T-shirts	38.00	27.50 (each)
Nylon lace blouses in different colours	23.50	14.50 (each)
"MAIDENFORM" cotton bras	16.50	10.50 (each)
Stretch nylon panties, 10 different colours	12.00	8.90 (each)
German printed cotton blouses	5.50 pair	10.00 for 3 pairs
Cotton Cam-Cam petticoats		
"WOVENTEX" 100% nylon jumpers	24.50	12.80 (each)
"JANTZEN" cotton shorts	24.00	16.50 (each)
"COLDNIT" Swiss woollen jumpers	27.00	14.50 (each)
"FRUIT OF LOOM" Panties, 4 colours	18.00	12.30 (each)
	38.00	22.00 (each)
	4.50	2.50 (each)

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FILMS Current and Coming
by Lucy Downing

THE Gypsy and the Gentleman playing at the Lee and Astor is a fascinating film of the lusty Regency era, very well cast, and presented by Rank Organisation.

The Gypsy, Belle of the flashing eyes and raven locks, is played with gusto by Greek actress Melina Mercouri. She is mismatched in temperament but not in acting prowess, the Gentleman Sir Paul Deverill as portrayed by Keith Michell.

The ragged gypsy lover is the strongest character of all. Cold and crafty Patrick McCoolan is the man who pulls the strings and cares for no one but himself.

The Dresden prettiness of Deverill's sister Sarah is in complete contrast to the turbulent types around her. June Laverick plays this role with delicate charm and quiet strength.

Set in the days of the Prince Regent in England and featuring the exploits of rich young bloods out for almost any kind of sport and conquest, the story is focussed upon a handsome baronet who would gamble away fortunes at the turn of a card. Deverill is betrothed to the attractive daughter of the powerful country squire. He admits he does not love her, but she is infatuated with his charm and arrogance.

An incident at a country fair when Deverill loses his purse to the nimble fingers of a gypsy pickpocket, is the first shadow on his path. Belle is caught and about to be ducked by the villagers until Deverill orders her release and throws back to her the reclaimed purse.

The gypsy lover, Jess, shrewdly calculating the impact of this meeting pushes Bell into the baronet's path during a storm and she enters into an unconventional alliance in the stately mansion, blithely shocking the servants and taunting Jess' power in bringing back plunder to buy more horses for Jess.

A wealthy and aged aunt wishes to protect Sarah's future from the hands of her impudent nephew and leaves a

will which will make the girl mistress of the Deverill estates.

During a systematic draining of Deverill's resources Belle makes herself mistress of the house as Lady Deverill, then plans to secure the inheritance left to Sarah so that she may pour more gold and gifts into the hands of her greedy lover.

Under the terms of the bequest Sarah must marry before she is 21, but she is told that the conditions are the reverse. When rival gypsies ran across the minion, Sarah sees the copy of the will, and she is then impressed by a Chinese girlie which a former Deverill had erected as a summerhouse across the lake.

The searching by Sarah's fiance, Lyndon Brook, and the active intervention of a famous London actress, played by our incomparable Flora Robson, after Sarah's escape and flight to London build up situations culminating in a dramatic climax.

The screenplay written by Janet Green is based upon the novel "Darkness I Leave You" by Nina Warner Hooke. The viewer's interest in the brilliant period costume film in Eastman Colour has been sustained throughout.

THE down-to-earth and sometimes shocking realism of "The Bachelor Party" has to be seen to be believed. This gripping film presented by Hecht, Hill and Lancaster (the men who made Marty) can be seen at the Star and Metropole.

The impact is so great that the average viewer will leave the theatre still feeling alone inside and rather stunned by the sense of having been involved in the film.

Don Murray, as Charlie Samson, plays the part of a quiet young fellow, newly-wedded and living in an ordinary flat with a nice young wife who is concerned that they are going to have a baby before they can afford one.

He works in an ordinary office, studies hard at night and is invited to join in the bachelor party being given for one of his fellow bootkeepers, shortly to be married. There is the usual hemming and hawing. He doesn't want to go (he says). His wife says he should get out for a change. And so on.

With Eddie, the noisy organiser who has no home to go, Kenny, who knows where to go, home, Walter, who is apathetic towards life and Arnold, the Groom to be.

The party starts in a nice bright bar, drinks are poured freely and spirits run high. Presentations are made, absurd things first like miniature hot water bottles and a baby's feeding bottle filled with whisky. Horseplay follows, then a serious and sentimental session for the wedding gifts to be revealed and unwrapped. (They disappeared during the evening and the wife wonders what happened to them until it begins to doubt whether any of the party would reach home again).

A pub crawl gets under way and the carousel becomes almost hysterical. Money runs out and Charlie gets more from his wife, who is hearing grim stories from her sister-in-law about her matrimonial grievances. There is an argument and Charlie resumes the carousing.

An existentialist party is gate-crashed. Polite indifference then warmer approaches are made by disillusioned intellectual Carolyn Jones playing the Greenwich Village street pick-up.

The descent to the lower end of town and subsequent demoralisation of the party remnants brings the so-called spice to the sordid level which Charlie and Arnold, even in their drunkenness, abhor. The depths of degradation yawning before them act as a cold shock and steps are retraced with humility.

Not a nice film, perhaps one that had to be made.

A fine British comedy "The Admiral's Cuckoo" at the King's and Princess commenced on Wednesday and closed on Friday.

On Wednesday afternoon gales of mirth were heard from an audience enjoying Robert Morley's "Cuckoo," the dry humour of Celia Johnson as the broad-minded earl and the disturbing beauty of Sally Ann Howes and Diane Cilento in shell-sprinkled bikini.

This amusing skit on the British aristocracy of 1906 in the stately homes of Edwardian England, and on a delightful tropical island interlude with skillfully handled situations, surely merits a repeat performance. The public present during the visit of the Royal Film Unit to Hong Kong enjoyed the "Admiral's Cuckoo" presentation of James M. Barrie's famous play produced by Jim Rymples.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE
SHOWING

ROXY & BROADWAY: "10 North Frederick," Gary Cooper, Diana Vard and Stay Parker setting in John O'Hara's best-selling story about a man who wanted to be President of the United States, and who became involved with his daughter's room-mate and in his family's diverse problems.

METROPOLIS & STAR: "The Bachelor Party." Terribly realistic revelation of what can happen after a stag party, the men who made "Mary." At the end of a carousing pub-crawl the maudlin but pathetic inner fears of each man are exposed. One clearing brain reaches a truer assessment of life's values and returns home with mental conflict resolved. Convincing performances by Dan Murray, his drowsy wife, Patricia Smith, and an extraordinary existentialist Carolyn Jones.

KINGS & PRINCESS: "Men and Wolves." French-Italian production in Cinemascope and Eastmancolor, featuring Silvana Mangano, Yves Montand and Pedro Armendariz. Adventures of remote villagers during a rigorous winter when hungry wolves come in from the surrounding forests. The humane brotherhood of man when faced with hostile nature.

COMING

ROXY & BROADWAY: "The Travellers." An unusual Western splendidly played by Gregory Peck, an older man who takes the law into his own hands and finally finds it hard to forgive himself.

Jean Collins and Stephen Boyd, head a strong supporting cast. In Luxe Colour and Cinemascope, 20th Century Fox film for adult entertainment.

LEE & ASTOR: "Young Guns." Allied Artists Productions Inc. featuring Russ Tamblyn, Gloria Talbott and Perry Lopez. The Wild Bunch in the West, too young to know the meaning of fear, in a well-hidden outlaw settlement in Wyoming.

Burdette, bandit and deviant, a gang dependent on juvenile delinquency in the here-and-there of 1897 and stories of their adventures. Guy Mitchell sings "Song of the Young Gun."

KING & PRINCESS: "Bitter Victory." British desert Commandoes in a raid on enemy-held Bengasi, played by Richard Burton, Curt Jurgens, Ruth Roman and Raymond Pellegrin, international starting cast. Desert Rats invade an African fortress to secure papers from Rommel's Headquarters. Libyan desert.

The story reveals the daughter's early love for a half-breed Indian, the father's disapproval and his callous disregard when the Indian is mobbed and lynched. The son goes off in disgust. United Artists distribution.

The story reveals the daughter's early love for a half-breed Indian, the father's disapproval and his callous disregard when the Indian is mobbed and lynched. The son goes off in disgust. United Artists distribution.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES ROXY: At 12.00 Noon || BROADWAY: At 12.30 p.m.

20th Century-Fox presents in CinemaScope & Color

"23 PACES TO BAKER STREET"

Starring: Van JOHNSON

BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show

At 11.00 a.m. PARAMOUNT TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

First Showing At THIS THEATRE. • At Reduced Prices

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AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

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LATEST TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME

METROPOLE: To-morrow Special Morning Show

At 12.30 p.m. "TEAHOUSE OF AUGUST MOON"

Starring: Marlon BRANDO • Glenn FORD

At M-G-M Picture in CinemaScope & Color

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CONFECTIONERY &

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

LONDON'S NEWEST BRANCH OF SHOW BUSINESS

The Tired Businessmen's 'Club'

IT'S NOW SEX
IN THE
AFTERNOON

By GEORGE MONTGOMERY

London. STRIP-TEASE "theatre clubs," supplying sex in the afternoon to tired businessmen, are London's newest and most profitable branch of show business.

These clubs have been packed in out-of-town and overseas customers for about a year and prospects for the future appear bright.

Technically, these "theatre" are private clubs.

This means they are not subject to the censorship which in regular theatres outlaws the "artistic" shedding of clothes under a law saying stage nudes must not move.

The "club" theatres are extremely democratic about their members.

London's centuries-old, ultra-exclusive gentlemen's clubs, also doing a booming business. The country's "public houses"—bars which serve over 18 can delete—are not permitted to stay open as long or as late as the clubs.

However, the law does regulate the drinking clubs to some extent and the same holds true of the club theatres.

Any strip act that went too far would run into trouble with Britain's anti-obscenity laws.

The striptease theatres usually open after lunch and stage

Annual Fee

Theatre-club members pay a small annual fee, usually about 10 shillings and an average of 10 shillings per ticket. Only a member can purchase a ticket but he can bring a friend.

The club theatres resemble Britain's drinking clubs, also doing a booming business. The country's "public houses"—bars which serve over 18 can delete—are not permitted to stay open as long or as late as the clubs.

In addition to the big theatre clubs stripteasers work in small bars that also classify themselves as clubs.

Some of these are called "walkie-talkie" bars. Their girls are not the mute, motionless nudes of the public theatres.

One typical "walkie-talkie" bar in the heart of London begins its strip acts at 5 p.m., to catch the home-going businessman.

Like many others, this club is lined with pretty girls who do their best to see that he does not go home.

The customers pack themselves into a small room not more than four yards square and kiss each other for bar space until the show begins.

English Meat Takes Second Place To Foreign

London. ENGLISH meat is to take second place to foreign meat in Hertfordshire schools, it was reported last week.

All butchers who supply schools have received the following announcement:

"For your information the county education officer has instructed schools that they should not purchase English meat (except pork) and English offal."

PROTESTED

Local farmers claimed in protest that the county authority for the first time has made this an instruction instead of a recommendation.

A county official explained that budget dictated the choice of foreign rather than domestic beef.

"We have to make sure the child gets the best available for the price," he said.

He added that if English meat cost the same as imported the schools would buy English—U.P.I.

She Bought The Only One

Then Four More Turned Up!

Milan. Socialite Mrs Barbara Williams, said last week she will not present President Eisenhower with a gift of paintings which she had believed to be a famous Correggio.

Mrs Williams, who paid £10,000 (about \$16,000,000 lire) for the Correggio painting called "Il Giorno" (the day), said to be the only one in existence, announced a month ago she had bought it as a personal gift for Eisenhower just because she greatly admired him. And that she knew he liked Correggio's work.

But news of the gift announcement brought to light in Italy within a matter of days three

other Correggio paintings, called "Il Giorno," all four also known as the Madonna of Saint Jerome.

A flurry among Italian art experts was still going on to try and prove which of the four paintings was the authentic Correggio.

So far, favourite of the Correggio foursome

appears to be one in the Palazzo Vecchio,

the town of Pavia, south of Milan.

Mrs Williams said the doubts of the authenticity of her Correggio make it impossible for her to send it to President Eisenhower.

She said she has told him the reason in a telegram she sent—U.P.I.

THE HIGH-PRODUCTIVITY DUCKS OF DOWNING STREET



Number Ten Has A Happy Event

THERE has been a sudden—though predictable—increase in the duck population at No. 10, Downing Street.

It was nine weeks ago that a pair of grey mallards (top left) flew into the Prime Minister's garden from nearby St James's Park.

The Prime Minister was very proud of his visitors.

When British Railways officials and union chiefs met at No. 10 in an attempt to avert the threatened rail strike recently, Mr Macmillan took them into the garden to see the mallards' nest.

Now he has even more cause for pride.

His guests have produced a fine brood of 11 ducklings.

ADRIAN, AGED 3, FLIES 'LIKE THE BIRDIES'

FOR just a few blissful seconds last week three-year-old Adrian Bates flew "just like the birdies do." He took off from his parents' bedroom window-sill and touched down, unhurt, on the lawn 15 ft. below.

Birds in the garden under his bedroom in Ovingdean Road, Ovingdean, Brighton, had given him the urge to fly.

And, like the birds, he was up early.

Before he made his jump he toddled over to see his parents, Ronald Bates, a Brighton town councillor, and his wife, Joan.

Mrs Bates put on Adrian's dressing-gown and sent him back to his room.

But soon Adrian was back with his parents who were fast asleep. And the birds...they were singing and gliding gracefully past the bedroom window.

Nothing wrong?

A policeman who caught two boys, aged 13 and 11, smoking in a Norwich street sent one of them with 1½d. to buy another cigarette. The boy got it. And a woman shopkeeper was fined 10s. for selling cigarettes to a person under 16.

London. Some 10,000 boys, aged 13 and 11, smoking in strip spots are stage hoofs.

Some made £10 to £15 weekly through their afternoon and evening capers before the intent and expective business-men.—China Mail Special.

Sparrow Smoked In Bed

A sparrow that smoked in bed caused a fire in a house here.

The bird had apparently brought a lighted cigarette end to its nest in the bathroom airing cupboard of the house of Mr. Jack Sears.

Then the nest caught alight and the fire spread to linen in the cupboard.

The fire brigade was called and put out the blaze before

serious damage was caused.

Seizing the cause later, the firemen found the charred nest and the remains of the cigarette end.

The sparrow recovered—but just eight Mr. Sears and his daughter Gladys into a local wood to release the bird.

He felt the habit of smoking in bed might do less harm there.—China Mail Special.

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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: Five pretty girls—America's top debes of 1958—flow into London recently on the last stop of a European tour. Their 78-year-old chaperon, Lady Cary, defended the U.S. deb's qualifications as: "Beauty—and wealthy families."



ABOVE: Sir Lawrence and Lady Olivier (Actress Vivien Leigh) seen recently at a London party. Sir Lawrence wears a beard for his forthcoming film project: Shakespeare's "Macbeth."

★ Express Photographs ★



LIEUTENANT Peter Moloney, 26, ex-Trappist Monk, lies in his bunk in Cyprus where he is serving as a paratroop officer. He had been a novitiate for 20 months when the Lord Abbot advised him that his vocation lay elsewhere. He then volunteered for the paratroops, but says: "I'm still a monk at heart."



LEFT: Actor Rex Harrison and his wife, actress Kay Kendall, seen recently at a London party. Rex is currently starring in the hit London production of "My Fair Lady."

BELOW: Sir Hugh Foot, Governor of Cyprus, is seen (contra) recently at Benson Royal Air Force Station, Oxfordshire, after flying in for talks with Colonial Secretary Alan Lennox-Boyd on Cypriot reaction to the new British plan for the island's future.



ABOVE: The erection of the totem pole presented to the Queen by the government of British Columbia was completed recently. The work was started early in the morning by No. 3 Squadron of 22 Field Engineer Regt. It is 106 ft. long and 4' 6" diameter at the base.



NANCY



FIVE American police, policemen are seen lined up recently in a field in Kent. With them is British policeman Inspector George Prestridge. He is in charge of training at the Metropolitan Police school for dog handlers. The State of Missouri sent the policemen because it wants to build up a police dog team.



DR Cheddi Jagan, Trade Minister in British Guiana and leader of the People's Progressive Party, arrived in Britain recently to take part in talks with Colonial Secretary Alan Lennox-Boyd. Dr Jagan is to ask the British Government for a £40,000,000 loan.



PRINCESS Margaret pictured when she arrived for a visit to the 4th Battalion the Suffolk Regiment (T.A.), of which she is Colonel-in-Chief, in the grounds of Benacre Hall, Wrentham, Suffolk recently.—Keystone.



HOLLYWOOD'S Jayne Mansfield pictured recently relaxing in plastic raincoat and with poodle in Buckinghamshire, where she is staying while playing in her latest film, "The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw," in which she stars opposite Kenneth More.

By Ernie Bushmiller



Let's Take Hongkong's Word

By R. W. Thompson

CHEESE-EYE: A small child. I came across this word in a vocabulary which appeared many years ago in a guide-book published in Hongkong. The author stated that this was the Japanese chitai, with the same meaning.

Chitai is certainly a Japanese word but whether it is the same word as cheese-eye I am not yet able to say. I am hoping that some reader will be able to tell us more about the use of this word in Hongkong. I, for one, find it odd that a lonely Japanese word such as this should have been borrowed by Hongkong people, especially since "small-child" can be said in such a variety of ways in Hongkong Cantonese, Pidgin English and Portuguese.

It is interesting to remember that older Macanese borrowed a few Japanese words for strange imported commodities over three hundred years ago. One of these is kaki in firo kaki is the name still given by many Hongkong Portuguese to perlmom.

CHEESE: If Pidgin borrowed from Chinese, Portuguese and Anglo-Indian so did Chinese from many languages. It is not, therefore, surprising to find English words such as this example embedded in the Cantonese of Hongkong. This word means Jelly.

CHILO: An old Pidgin word for child. It was specially used in such crudely humorous expressions as cow-ohlo, girl and bull-chalo, boy.

CHIN-CHIN: According to Leland "to worship (by bowing and striking the chin), reverence, adore, implore, deprecate, anger, wish one something, invite, ask." Hobson-Jobson says it is "Chineses" "thank you, adieu". It also gives chin-ohlo joss, religious worship.

There is a curious passage in William of Rubric's Iterarium, 1255 which according to Yule and Burnell contains this very expression: "One day there sat by him a certain priest of Cathay dressed in a cloak of exquisite colour, and when I asked him whence they got such a dye he told me how in the eastern parts of Cathay, there were lofty cliffs on which dwelt certain creatures in all things partaking of human form, except that their knees did not bend. . . . The huntsmen go thither taking very strong beer with them, and make holes in the rocks which they fill with this beer. . . . Then they hide themselves and these creatures come out of their holes and taste the liquor, and call out 'Chin Chin'. Just like some local cricket clubs."

A Dilemma

An author, writing in 1795 says: "The two junior members of the Chinese delegation came at the appointed hour. . . . On entering the door of the marquise they both made an abrupt stop and resisted all solicitation to advance to chairs that had been prepared for them, until I should first be seated; in this dilemma, Dr. Burnell, who was in the room, called out that what was to be done I immediately resolved on the forenoon's walk. The Doctor himself grappled with the second; thus we soon fixed them in their seats, both parties during the struggle repeating 'Chin Chin, Chin Chin', the Chinese term of salutation."

In the Fan Kwan at Canton (1820), one of the servants says to a European, "Mr Talbot chin-chin you come down."

Newcomers still borrow Hongkong words, often a few minutes after (or before) landing. In 1830 they were doing the same thing if we can believe W. Gill, River of Golden Sand: "But far from thinking it any shame to deface our beautiful language, the English seem to glory in its distortion and will often ask one another to come to 'chow-chow' instead of dinner; and send their 'chin-chin' even in letters, rather than compliments; most of them being ignorant of the fact that chow-chow is no more Chinese than it is Hebrew; and that chin-chin, though an expression used by the Chinese, does not in its true meaning, come near to the 'good-bye, old fellow' for which it is often used or the compliments for which it is so frequently substituted."

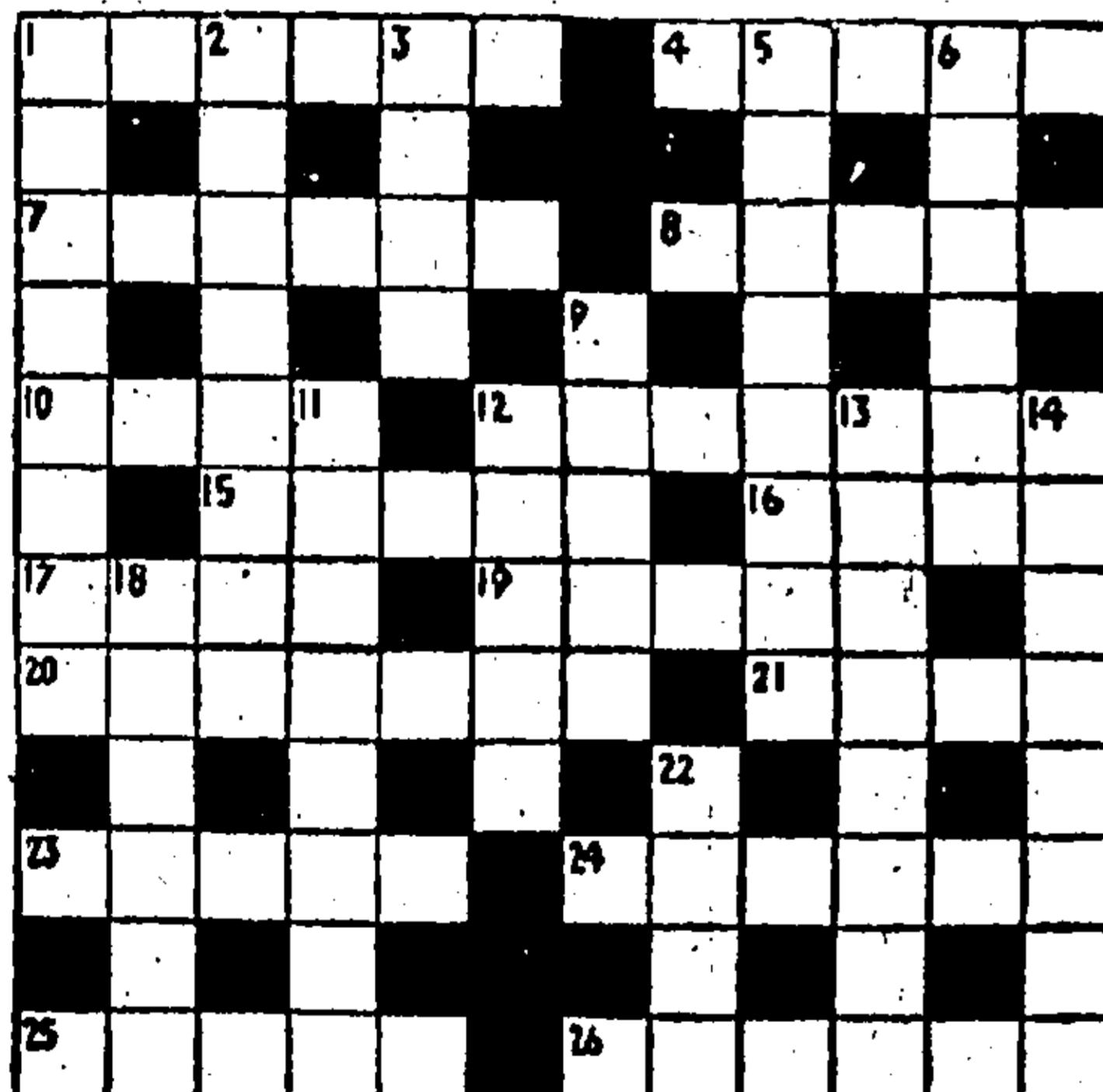
CHI SZ: Another loan-word introduced to Cantonese with the arrival of an unfamiliar commodity, cheese. For chi sz is Hongkong's Cantonese name for cheese.

CHIT: A note bill, etc. This word is now common in colloquial English all over the world but as recently as 1870 one writer was struck by its extensive use in Hongkong. He is E.S. Bridges who, in Round Town remarked that "everything [in Hongkong] is done by what are called chits."

Chitty is still commonly used in the armed forces and chit is its contracted form. Chitty chitty is Anglo-Indian and could be written chittih in Hindi and chitti in Mahrati.

A reference from 1785 (Seton-Karr): "[They] may know his terms by sending a chit."

A British Crossword Puzzle



FRIDAY'S SOLUTION—ACROSS: 3 Blotting, 8 Blotter, 9 Covering, 11 Deviated, 12 Well, 13 Ursul, 18 Ellis (Island), 19 Ural, 22 Radiator, 24 Ballarat, 25 Legion, 26 Rendered, Down: 1 Abode, 2 Bravo, 3 Because, 4 Loot, 5 Tied, 6 Irises, 7 Gaggle, 10 Venal, 14 Unhar, 15 Limited, 16 Number, 17 Fall in, 20 Sl-air, 21 Brand, 22 Rave, 23 (Mrs) Dale.

SHORT STORIES BY HONGKONG WRITERS

EBB TIDE

by
David T. K. Wong

ROSALIND YANG applied the lipstick to the graceful arches of her upper lip. But she was nervous, and the lipstick left an unsteady red wake. "Ai-yah!" she cried in vexed tones. Things always went wrong when she was nervous, and she would have to be nervous today of all days just because Te-hsin was due to return.

Why should the mere thought of him still have the power to excite her, she wondered, as she tissued off the errant redness and repaired the damage.

Then she reached for the small camphor wood box where she kept all her earnings and began searching for a pair that she had lost with her dress of pale blue Shantung. At last she selected a pair in the form of two plain white discs. They should go well with a white handbag and the white buckskin shoes, she thought. She wanted to look smart and sophisticated. Te-hsin had not looked like that way. After putting on the earrings she got up and smoothed her dress.

She cut a fine figure in her form-fitting Chinese dress. Her breasts reared high and proud while her full hips emphasised the slenderness of her waist. She had a dignified grace about her, sensuous but not voluptuous. Her face, shaped like a melon seed, was extremely beautiful. Her dark elongated eyes sparkled like ripples in a moon-bathed pond. Small ears peeped out from beneath her short lacquer-black hair while her delicate nose stood out just enough to give her that pleasant smile which so few Chinese girls possessed.

But there was also something about her beauty that conveyed a quality of remoteness, of something aloof and detached, impassive and without warmth. This quality of remoteness had a disconcerting effect on those who knew Rosalind for it seemed to form an invisible caparison around her, shutting her off in some private world.

Rosalind began rummaging for her white buckskin shoes among the thirty-odd shoeboxes which housed an equal number of pairs of shoes under her bed. After lifting and closing the lids of four or five boxes she gave up and called for the maid. Presently Lien, the maid appeared, her long queue dangling behind her like a limp fat snake.

"Hiao-chich, did you call?" Lien asked, in her flat slumberous voice. She was big-boned and heavy, full of the animal strength and the animal dullness of her peasant stock.

"Yes, find for me my pair of white shoes," Rosalind said. She then turned her attention to selecting a pair of nylon stockings.

Lien began the search, opening box after box. Then, holding up a pair of white tennis shoes, she asked: "Is this the pair you want?"

Rosalind could not help laughing. It was a restrained, gentle laugh. "No! The pair with the high heels!" Lien went back to her search not understanding why her young mistress had laughed.

An inward laughter lingered with Rosalind. Poor Lien, she thought. How could she be so simple? And yet, in a sense, perhaps her simpleness ought to be envied. Knowing so little, Lien would expect very little from life. In a year or two she would marry some farmer and return to the countryside. She would work with him, tend the fields and bear his children and she would be happy. Was that not infinitely better than to be sophisticated and knowing, to demand a great deal from life and to end up with nothing?

Nothing, Rosalind savoured the word slowly as she sheathed her legs in nylon stockings. But somehow it did not sound quite right. It did not seem to convey that gnawing emptiness she felt in her life, that emptiness that was less than nothing. Why should it be so, she wondered. Was it really because she was demanding too much? Of course, her critics had always thought so.

She knew what they had been saying about her behind her back, especially of late, after news of Te-hsin's return had gone abroad. "That's a creature that's exceeded too much," they had said. "She still wants to keep Te-hsin dangling. What she is waiting for no one knows. By all standards, he must be considered a good catch, being a foreign graduate and with his father so high up in the government and everything. But she is so proud and choosy, not to mention all her strange ideas. She thinks no one is good enough for her. Just look at the way she turned her nose up at the son of General Ma and

also young Cheung, whose father owns the Ta Wah Mills. Why, any other girl would jump at such husbands. She thinks she can pick and choose just because she is beautiful, but her beauty will not last forever.

Even the most perfect girl is only to want as they say. If she does not look good, she must be over thirty now and still she wants to be so fussy!"

Rosalind wondered. She supposed in a way she had been fussy. But that was only because she had long ago rejected the old Chinese upper class notions about marriage. She did not want one of those arranged affairs with someone from a wealthy and respectable family, one of those marriages dictated by convenience, by custom, perhaps even by passion, but seldom by love.

In return for life of idle luxury, a woman was expected to resign herself to the frequent

whether it was because Te-hsin was leaving or because the peace she had felt a moment before was gone.

"Yes, Father thinks that soon there will be war. The Japanese are becoming bolder in the north. He wants me to go to my studies in America so that will be better for him's way."

Rosalind felt her heart contract within her. She wanted to turn to him and cling to him and never let him go. But there was something about his presence that disturbed her. It was too powerful and overwhelming. As always, it pressed itself upon her too insistently, like an unbearable doom.

"M.I.T. has accepted me!" Te-hsin continued, "so I shall probably just stay on there for my post graduate work."

"I hear they have very high standards. You will have to put your heart in the work."

There was a pause, and both were filled with words that they

Te-hsin saying: "Why won't you marry me?" Rosalind said. "I didn't say I won't marry you. I just want to wait a bit and be sure."

"Sure or what? Sure that I would eat out of your hands like the boys on campus?" There was a note of sarcastic defiance in Te-hsin's voice.

"Not Please!" Rosalind said.

"You know that is not what I want. I just want to wait a bit. After all, we are still so young." At that moment she wanted him very much. If only he would be a little, please with her a little, she could marry him. But in the face of his defiance she too hardened.

"Sure or what? Sure that I would eat out of your hands like the boys on campus?" There was a note of sarcastic defiance in Te-hsin's voice.

"You are now riding on the crest of a wave at 'high tide,'" Te-hsin said. His voice too was too hard and bitter. "I may not be able to reach you, but you will never have me groveling at your feet like all the others."

"One day I know I will have you. All I have to do is to wait for ebb tide."

Te-hsin did not offer to carry her again and Rosalind was too proud to ask. She walked along beside him in silence, biting her lip in pain. She could feel her cut opening up again and she could feel herself bleeding, bleeding.

That summer went by so

softly that it seemed briefer than springtime. In

that year she knew it was a

but that awful scene remained.

Rosalind knew

"I think the bleeding has stopped," Te-hsin said, finally releasing the foot. "I had better carry you back." He helped her to her feet and then put an arm around her. But instead of lifting her he drew her gently against him.

"I hear they have very high

standards. You will have to

put your heart in the work."

There was a pause, and both were filled with words that they

wanted to say. But each was a little hesitant before the other. Each wanted the other to make the first move.

"Rosalind, why don't you come over to America too. I know your father will let you if you really want to."

"I don't know. I only have a year to go before I get my degree at St. John's. What's the point of going over only for a year?"

No, she had seen all that in her own mother and she did not want it to happen to her. She had long ago decided that she would choose her own husband like the women of the West. Yes, she would even be so naïve as to believe in that will-o'-the-wisp called love. But then if she chose her own husband she must also bear alone the responsibility for any failure. In the marriage. There was the terrible rub. Therefore, how could anyone blame her for being careful and selective? She only wanted to be absolutely sure that whatsoever she married would love her and respect her as an equal. That was all.

But that was not all. Some deep, dark secret feeling in her told her that was not all. Otherwise she should have married Te-hsin years ago, for Te-hsin had been as sure as was humanly possible that he loved her deeply. She knew that there was something between them, something vague and terrible, something which she has never allowed to emerge on the surface of consciousness where it could be formulated into words, to be analysed and explained.

Rosalind felt his strong fingers enclosing hers and she felt weak. His mere touch seemed to be able to reduce her to a state of dependency and to make her less than she was. She now became afraid of him, afraid of the power he had over her and of the things he could do to her.

"Don't you love me?" Te-hsin whispered.

"Yes, but . . ."

"Then marry me. I am sure

Father will welcome the news.

We can get married right away

and go over together. Won't it

be wonderful to spend our

honeymoon in Hawaii or in

California?"

Rosalind felt his presence closing in on her. It all sounds very wonderful, but I am not sure," she said hurriedly. "Anyway, let's not talk about it now. Let's go back to the others." She disengaged her fingers from his. She got up quickly and began brushing the sand from her body. She wanted to run away from him, far, far away from him. She began walking briskly away, but she had gone hardly a dozen paces when she uttered a sharp cry of pain.

"What's the matter?" Te-hsin cried.

"Careful!" Rosalind cried.

"I've cut myself on something."

Te-hsin made his way towards her gingerly. Though she could not see him, Rosalind could sense his approach. When he reached her she swept her up in his arms. "Let's wash the cut out first," he said, as he carried her towards the sea. Feeling his hard male body against hers and smelling his sweet male smell Rosalind was filled with desire. She felt weak once more.

It was a setting in which

words seemed an outrage.

Wrapped up in the black

voluptuousness of night and

the warmth of the sun-

rise above her back, Rosalind

experienced that profound peace that was post-matrimonial.

Everything was as still that she could hear the silence ringing in her ears. Then Te-hsin spoke, and immediately the peace was gone.

"I shall be going to America in autumn," Te-hsin said. His voice was strong and calm and so masculine.

"I don't think so," Rosalind said.

"In that case we had better try to stop the bleeding," Te-hsin said. He took hold of her right foot, and finding the cut, he pressed upon it with both his thumbs.

Under the pressure the cut

ceased to hurt and Rosalind relaxed.

"How efficient he is," she thought. Then, when she was least expecting it, she heard

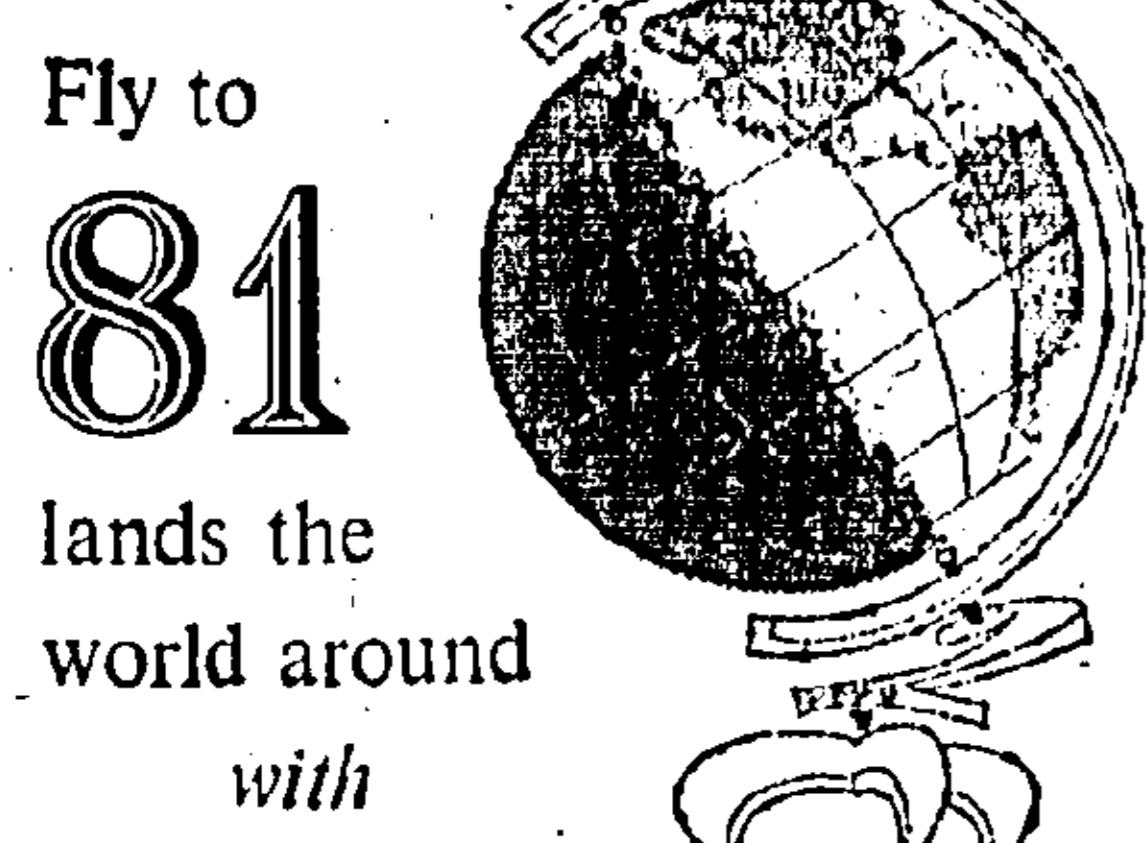
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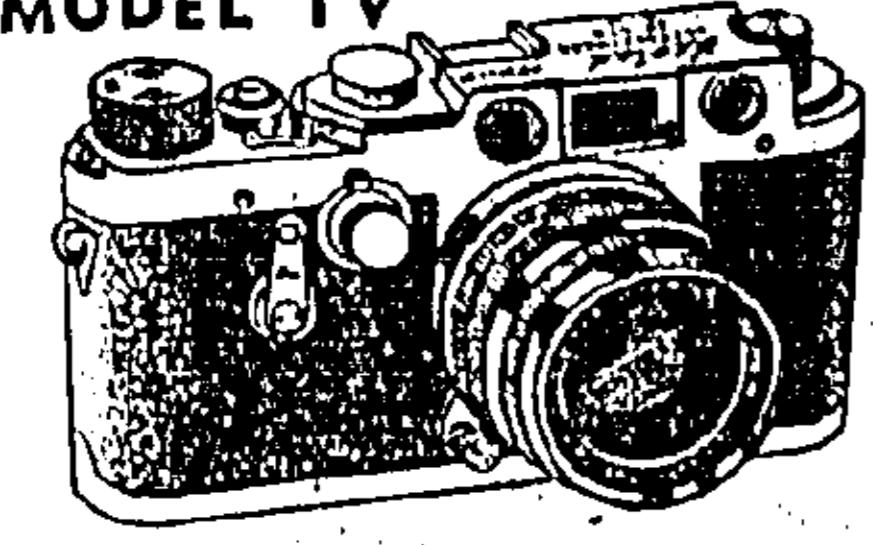
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SAVED: by a back street angel

HER eyes were blue and her face was pale and she looked as gentle as a kitten. Yet this slip of a girl terrified me.

One word from her and I was as good as dead. For she knew my secret. She knew I was on the run from the dreaded secret police.

And ironically it was because scarecrow that I was, I had remembered my manners when I bumped into her in the street of the little town of Uralsk, a couple of hundred miles from the Caspian, and had blurted out "Sorry" in German.

I winced with fear as she said: "You're no Russian."

Then my heart leapt again as she said: "Follow me. It's too dangerous for us to talk here."

Dumbly I followed, my brain racing feverishly. Was she a spy? Was it a trap? Would the ruthless hands of the Red police seize me as I stepped through her door?

I had covered thousands of miles and suffered countless agonies since my escape from a slave camp in Siberia and I trusted no one.

Gripping a knife in my pocket, I swore that if this girl had betrayed me then she would die first.

God forgive me that thought. For although I did not know it I was walking with an angel.

I realised this within seconds of being shown into her tiny room in a back-street slum. I saw a tear shining on her cheek.

She held out her hand and I gazed at it not understanding what she meant.

Then I saw she held a much-thumbed photograph.

A picture

It was a picture of a handsome young sergeant in the German medical corps.

As I glanced at it the girl asked, with yearning in her voice:

"Do you know him? Have you ever met him?"

I knew then that this handsome young soldier had been her sweetie.

And slowly, sadly, I shook my head and handed her back the picture.

She sighed. In a brittle little voice she said: "That is Franz. We met in the winter... in Kharkev. He was taken prisoner and I saw him again in the P.O.W. cage after the city was recaptured."

"Nobody knew where he was being taken. I just thought you might have seen him..."

"Kharkov! That would have been only about 19 at the time. 'Lonely' I said: 'He may still be alive.'

"Of course," she said almost brightly. "And now you must have something to eat."

When I had finished and told her my story, she said: "Have you thought of what you are going to do without any papers when you get to the oilfields west of the Caspian?"

I shrugged. "Trust to luck, I suppose."

Mookly

She thought for a moment. "Would you mind staying the night here?" she asked. "I can sleep with a friend. There is plenty to eat and nobody will disturb you."

Meekly I thanked her and did as I was told.

The next evening she came back—with an official permit which allowed me to travel within a radius of 530 miles from Uralsk. It was more valuable to me than gold.

"I'm sorry it's not an identity card," she said, "but that would have needed a photograph. It's not a forgery, though, and it will be a help."

I stammered my thanks. They sounded utterly inadequate. Then I went on my way, thinking of this girl who loved a German and of the risks she had taken for me.

Smugglers

Aleksandrov-Gay was my next stop. There I was to get in touch with a member of the Kulak, a Resistance movement with agents all over Russia.

I found him with another case and passed on from there to Ural, from Ural to Gribny, from Gribny to Makhachkala, on the western shores of the Caspian.

I walked, hiked and stole rides on trains to get there, travelling all the time beneath the Kulak cloak.

Now the date was November, 1952, and I was on the last leg



Clemens Forell, left, fleeing from a Russian slave camp, was prepared to kill anyone who stood in his way... even a blue-eyed girl. He did not know she held the key to freedom. Here is Forell's own story of that tense and touching encounter.

Clemens Forell's escape story, translated by Lawrence Wilson, is told by J. M. Bauer in "As Far as My Feet Will Carry Me" (Deutsch, 18s.).

'I WALKED 8,000 MILES TO FREEDOM'

As I walked down a wide street I saw a huge building ahead of me with the huge letters U.S.S.R. blazoned across it.

As I walked down a wide street I saw a huge building ahead of me with the huge letters U.S.S.R. blazoned across it.

Suspected

Above them was the hated red hammer and sickle emblem. The Russian consulate.

I began to run. Panting, I stumbled through the streets, away from those letters, away from that crest, away from that building of terror.

I screamed as I ran... screamed for the police, for asylum, for protection. Crowds stopped and stared, but I ran on.

"Police?" A man pointed to a door, guarded by sentries in

strange uniforms. I burst past them and flung myself at a tall, magnificently uniformed officer.

"Please—asylum!" I blurted in German. "Help me. Don't hand me back. I am an escaped German prisoner-of-war. I escaped three years ago and have just crossed into your country."

Probable

The officer never lost his composure. Slowly, sedately, he told me that I would not be handed back if I were speaking the truth.

It seemed more probable. I was a Soviet agent, the authorities would make doubly sure that I did not return. Moonwise, until the matter was clarified, he added, I was under

I was taken to Teheran where I was questioned four or five times a day over a period of several weeks.

In fact I am certain I would have been gaoled as a spy, or even executed, had I not suddenly remembered that I had an uncle who worked for the Turkish Government in Ankara.

Desperately I tried to remember his name. At last it came back to me—Uncle Erich Haudrexel.

I began to run. Panting, I stumbled through the streets, away from those letters, away from that crest, away from that building of terror.

The next day my gaoler agreed to send a message to the Turkish Embassy, asking that he be contacted.

For six days I waited, growing more and more convinced that my uncle must have died.

On the seventh day I was taken from my cell and found myself face to face with Uncle Erich.

"Who are you?"

"Do you know him?" she pleaded

FORELL gazed at the picture of a handsome young German soldier, the sweetheart he had left behind. "May he still be alive," said Forell, but in his heart he knew it was hopeless. (Illustration by Arthur Wicks)

On December 22, 1952, three years and two months after I had escaped, I reached Muttich.

So this was the end of the road... all 8,000 miles of it.

And as I walked up the familiar street my strength and courage seemed to drain from my body.

For I did not know what I would find when I knocked on the door of the house I called home.

Uncle

My uncle, who had not been in touch with the family for years, had been unable to tell me anything.

I did not even know if my parents were alive or dead or I now I was standing at the door.

For a full minute I stood with my hand on the knocker. I raised it but dare not drop it.

I could not bear to think that any other face than that of my mother should appear at the door.

A lump came to my throat and tears sprang to my eyes. Then, desperately, urgently, I knocked.

I shall never forget the agony of waiting for the door to open. I wanted to run away and hide. By the time the door was opened I was ready to scream.

Then the catch clicked and there stood... my mother.

Mother

Oh, the agony, oh, the joy of that moment. For she knew me at once.

Old though her eyes might be, they were not deceived by the sudden clearing of my face, the sudden checks.

Quietly she began to weep. Then, without a word, she took me in her arms and led me inside.

"All these years I have known you were alive," she told me. "Even though you were reported missing, and then believed killed, I still knew you would come home."

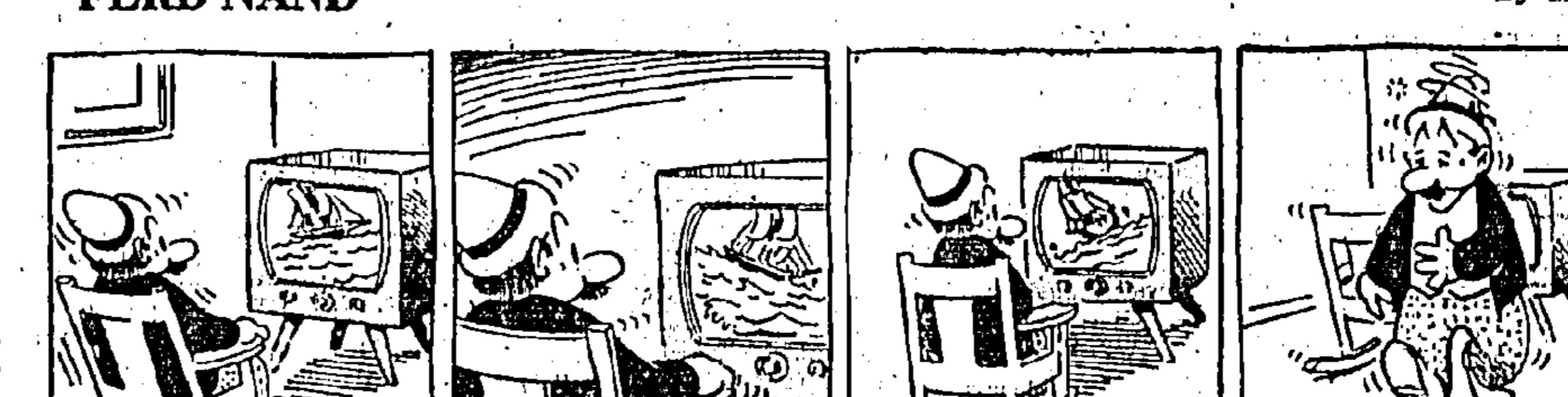
"When I had heard her story I said a prayer of thanks. And not only for the strength I had been given to endure my fantastic 8,000-mile journey."

I THANKED GOD, ALSO, FOR THE FACT THAT I HAD A MOTHER TO WELCOME ME HOME.

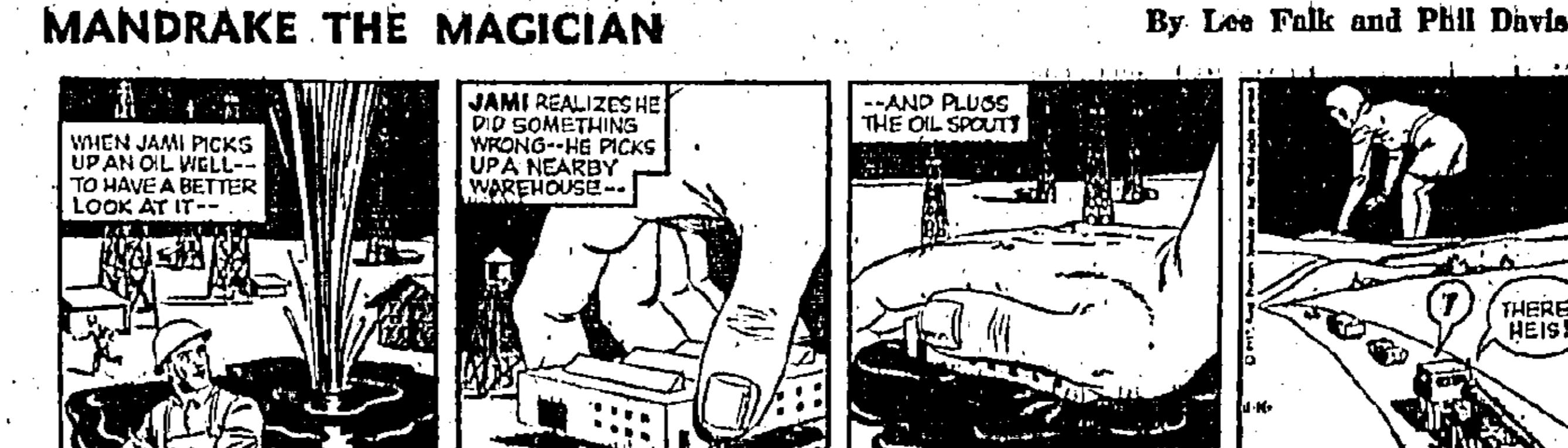
THE END

By Mik

quick delivery!
AIR CARGO BY
SWISSAIR



FERD'NAND



By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



CONTINUED -

JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins

AUSTIN!
THE CAR,
for your
HOME LEAVE
METRO CARS (H.K.) LTD.



THE GAP THEY COME HERE TO DIE!

AUSTRALIA'S most notorious suicide spot, The Gap, may soon become purely a tourist attraction.

The Gap, a 200 foot high cliff near Watson's Bay, on the southern head of Sydney harbour, has for years been the favourite resort of people determined to "end it all."

Until recently, all intending suicides had to do their bidding in a small chamber equipped with cliff-rescue gear and a small protecting fence and jump. Below, formations of rocks ensured an instantaneous death.

Then the police stepped in. A patrol car now stands nearby day and night, manned by police ready to make an immediate dash to The Gap to restrain anyone who appears to be contemplating suicide.

In the first week of the patrol, police prevented two men and two women from making the fatal jump.

JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Long Huddle Pays Dividend

By OSWALD JACOBY

WEST'S opening diamond was a semi-psychic lead directing bid and did not keep North and South from bidding their spade game.

East won the first trick with the ace or diamonds and took stock of the situation. Obviously, the only way to beat the hand would be to collect two club tricks and he had to attack the suit immediately.

This left him with the problem of which club to lead. Should his partner hold ace-nine-small his choice did not matter, provided his partner would hold back the ace. If South held the ace nothing mattered at all.

A low lead would give declarer an automatic low play if he held the nine so that was out and it was up to East to choose be-

NORTH	24
♦ A K J 10	
♦ A 10 9 8	
♦ 7 2	
♦ Q 8 3	
WEST	EAST (D)
♦ 9 3 2	♦ 8
♦ 7 1	♦ K 6 5 3
♦ Q J 10 9 4	♦ A 8 3
♦ A 7 2	♦ J 10 9 5
SOUTH	
♦ Q 7 6 5 4	
♦ 9 2 1	
♦ 8	
♦ K 9 4	
North and South vulnerable	
East South West North	
Pass Pass Pass Double	
Pass Pass Pass	
Opening lead—♦ Q	

tween the ten and the jack. He selected the ten on the theory that a false card play was more likely to work than the natural one.

It worked all right. South went into a long huddle and finally came to the conclusion that the ten spot was the higher end of a doubleton. He played the king and when West took the ace and returned the suit, South was doomed to defeat.

While credit is due East for his deceptive lead, I feel that South should not have fallen for the play. If East had a doubleton club West would have held five of the suit and probably would have chosen to take a save at five diamonds against the vulnerable game contract.

CARD Sense

Q—The bidding has been:
East South West North
1 ♠ Pass 2 N.T.
Pass 3 ♠ Pass 3 N.T.
Pass Double Pass
Pass ?

You, South, hold:

♦ A ♦ Q 10 9 5 ♦ A ♦ 8 7 ♦ K 5 ♦

What do you do?

A—Pass or redouble if you like to gamble. You have your full values and then some. Under no circumstances should you run out to one of your suits.

TODAY'S QUESTION

The bidding has been:
East South West North
1 ♠ ?
You, South, hold:
♦ A ♦ Q 10 9 5 ♦ K 5 4 ♦ A ♦ 8 7 4 3

What do you do?

Answer on Monday

PLANNING A JAUNT TO FORMOSA

MANY years ago when I was young I had my fortune told by an old gypsy woman who kept a summer stand at Hanlon's Point, Toronto. She gazed at my palm for something over a minute and then said: "You will cross the ocean many times and you will travel to many countries. That will be ten cents."

I gave her the appropriate care of a governess. The agent shook his head sadly. Then suddenly upon the pitiful of human he brightened up. "You're right for a small-pocket money gone in the twinkling of an eye—and for what? Oh no—you said you weren't. Well, that's just a ridiculous embryo jumbo. They'll do that for you at any hospital!"

It was quite true that the five Baxter children and their parents had been to Niagara Falls and as a member of a Boy Trio I had been to North Bay, but what chance was there of ever seeing any other country than Canada except perhaps the American side of the falls from a respectful distance?

How was either the gypsy or myself to know that in 1914 a benevolent Government would offer young men in uniform a free trip to England and, for good measure, a further trip to France free?

Memory is a curious thing but oddly enough I thought of the old gypsy woman's prophecy the other night when a fellow Tory M.P. came up and volunteered the information that the Government of Formosa would be glad to have me visit General Chiang-Kai-Shek and his wife of three Generalissimo Chiang-Kai-Shek to that effect.

Two days later Sir Lynn and I set off for a hospital which specialised in scurvy. A jolly doctor with a pretty nurse duly plugged us and then made a date for a repeat performance in five days' time. "The next injection will be more severe," he said and then added with a gentle smile. "The germs have to get to know each other."

Back home I discovered that my vaccination certificate was out of date, so down came my local doctor who duly plugged me in the arm and then added dubiously: "I'll come on Friday and give you a stiff one. Don't take any alcohol for a couple of days," he added. "And even then go easy on the stuff."

A couple of days later my Socialist colleague called me on the telephone. "What's the use of going all that distance," he asked, "unless we went."

"We're not going to be dictated to," said my Socialist col-

league firmly. "I've ungrammaticalised the Chinese Embassy and we're to be there at five o'clock."

So at the appointed hour we called at the Chinese Embassy in Portland Place, just opposite the B.B.C., and were received most courteously by the Chinese Charge d'Affaires whose English like his manners was singularly attractive. The Charge d'Affaires said it was excellent that two members of the British Parliament were going to the Orient. Already he had been in touch with Peking about it and the Chinese Government would not only make us welcome but would allow us to see anything and everything we desired. China had nothing to hide from us and everything to reveal.

Our next port of call was the House of Lords where Lord Home (pronounced "Humm") wanted to have a chat with us in his ministerial capacity of Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations.

He thought that it was an excellent idea for us to go East and see for ourselves and he would arrange for us to stay with the Governor at Hongkong. "It would not be a good idea to drop off at Karski and Calcutta and Singapore and get a general idea of what was going on? We agreed that on the contrary our primary purpose was to go to that exact place.

"I am so sorry," he said. "What about the President of the Board of Trade?" he asked. "He ought to give you a clear understanding of what's going on and some of our problems." We agreed that on no account should we miss any of the problems that beset our Commonwealth relations. "I'll get him on the phone," said the Minister.

"What about the President of the Board of Trade?" he asked. "We do not recognise Formosa," he said. "I am very, very sorry." And believe me there was a note in his voice that made it clear that his grief and disappointment were genuine and profound. So out went.

An hour later we were given the works, the whole

works, by the President. It was true that Lancashire fiercely resented the competition of cotton imports from Hongkong because the wages in that far off paradise were lower than in Lancashire. Nevertheless the general trade balance between Britain and Hongkong was favourable to the Mother Country. With that comforting thought we thanked the President and went out on the Terrace where we had a much needed drink.

"Drinking," said my wife next morning. "I suppose you know that you have nothing to wear, and that you have only a week before you go?"

Long happy years of marriage have taught me that my woman, especially the woman I married, has ever had any dress to meet an unexpected situation. But the dull uniformity of the male is the very opposite. From tail-coat to dinner jacket, to morning coat, and just an ordinary suit of clothes, the male is always ready, aye, ready. But that is not what my wife thinks.

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"Well go to Le Touquet instead," said my wife, "unless, of course, there is a civil war in France."

The telephone rang. It was the long-suffering London representative of the Formosan Government. "I have a message from the Generalissimo. Will you come to Formosa in September when the weather will be at its best?"

Well—who knows? Perhaps the old witch at Hanlon's Point was right, and I really got value for my ten cents.

By Sir
Beverley
Baxter

Friday, our last day in London. Tomorrow and we would wing our way into the skies. If only the old woman at Hanlon's Point could see me now! And what a relief to be leaving London at a moment when the buses had gone on strike.

"You're wanted on the telephone. It's Sir Lynn Ungeoed-Thomas," said my secretary.

"I'm frightfully sorry," said Ungeoed-Thomas, "but I can't go. Galskell wants me to stay on the job because of the bus strike and a possible railway strike. Sorry old boy."

The giant pear tree in the garden of our St. John's Wood home shook with such violent laughter in the wind that the Terrace and lawn were covered with the corpses of a thousand buds. But we were not without our moment of glory. The Sunday Times announced next day that Sir Lynn and I had left for the Far East by air. Ah well! It was a close thing.

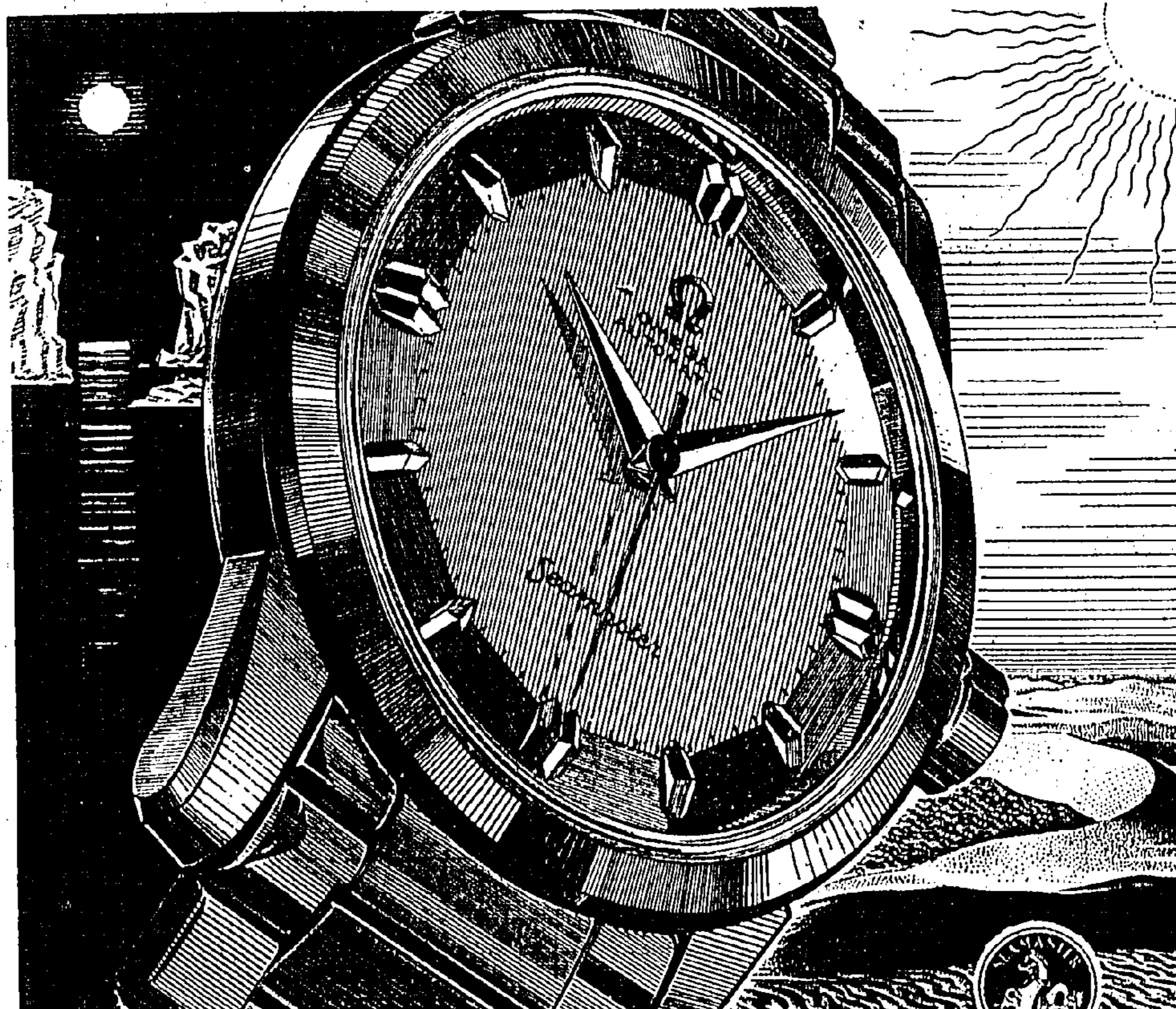
"You are going to the tropics," she said. "Therefore, I have arranged for you to be at Simpson's at 3 o'clock this afternoon. So in due course we went to the admirable 'For Men Only' institution in the West End and an hour later emerged with clothes that would support me for the rest of my life in Africa, Asia, or even Toronto in August."

Two days to go and we would be off. This to the Far East via Cairo and India with the beauty of Hongkong and eventually Madame Chiang-kai-shek playing the piano on that charmed island of Formosa with its challenge to China and its dollar inheritance from America.



The Olympic Cross

Only watch manufacturer to be honored with this distinguished award, Omega has timed the Olympic Games for over 23 years. Today Omega enjoys the implicit confidence of the international sports community when Olympic records are at stake and time is reckoned in 10ths and 100ths of a second.



All sorts of engagements in London would have to be cancelled—including a dinner to the Air Force Association of my constituency which was to take place at the House of Commons on a Saturday night just a fortnight ahead. However, I could get another M.P. to act as host to the ex-armen, while my wife could do her stuff as the hosts.

It took some time to convince him that it was not just a joke but when finally the idea entered his head he was all for it. A Tory and a Socialist, forgetting their political differences would take to the skies with a common destination and a common sense of adventure.

But obviously the first thing was to get in touch with the Formosan representative in London and find out exactly how and when it could be done.

Engineering in the sizzling heat of the Sahara; scientists in the ice-bound solitude of the arctic; sportsmen in the dim depths that are skin-diver's realm—here is the kind of company you keep when you wear the Seamaster, the self-winding Omega high-precision watch that defies the elements.

The self-winding Seamaster movement is triple sealed. The elements can't reach it. Tropical heat leaves it cold. Arctic cold leaves it snugly indifferent.

Accurately and reliably, the Seamaster ticks off the most exciting seconds of your life.

Wear the Seamaster, and you participate in one of the great watch-making success stories of our time. The story goes back to World War II when Omega

was commissioned to design a watch the soldiers, sailors and pilots of Britain could confidently take with them into combat. Restyled and reinforced for sports wear, this watch became the post-war Seamaster, since further strengthened and perfected and today the world's most popular sportswatch. Also battle tested, in submarine hulls and jet aircraft fuel tanks, is the sealing device which protects the Seamaster movement against water and condensation to a depth of two hundred feet.

Armored ruggedness and Omega precision—these make of the Seamaster a timepiece that has what it takes to share with you the zest of high adventure and the stresses and strains that go with it.

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84, Jardine House

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The quick-wittedness of taxi-drivers and firm and bus conductors, who have noticed the odd behaviour of passengers on the run to The Gap, has prevented many suicides.

Often, the rescuers, both police and civilian, jeopardise their own lives as they struggle, sometimes at night, on the top of the cliff with men and women who want to die.

The recovery of bodies from the rocks below and of people who strike ledges on the way down and are injured is another hazardous task. This gruelling rescue is done by a special cliff rescue police squad, using ropes and other climbing equipment.

We shook our heads and assured him that it was probably very wrong of us—but we had not been inoculated against yellow fever. "Have you been inoculated for yellow fever?"

Ian Fleming's savage and scorching new thriller

[WITH JAMES BOND, OF COURSE]

Chapter 1: MURDER WITH A HEARSE

PUNCTUALLY at six o'clock the sun set with a last yellow flash behind the Blue Mountains, a wave of violet shadow poured down Richmond Road, and the crickets and tree frogs in the fine gardens began to zing and tinkle.

Apart from the background noise of the insects, the wide empty street was quiet. Richmond Road is the "best" road in all Jamaica. It is Jamaica's Park Avenue, its Kensington Palace-gardens, its Avenue D'Iena.

The "best" people live in its big old-fashioned houses, each in an acre or two of beautiful lawn set, too trimly, with the finest trees and flowers from the Botanical Gardens at Hope as they shuffled along, tapping at the kerb with their white sticks. They walked in file. The first man, who wore blue glasses and could presumably see better than the others,

In fact, this was the most important moment in Strangways's day—the time of his duty radio contact with the powerful transmitter on the roof of the building in Regent's Park

On the eastern corner of the top intersection stands No. 1, Richmond Road, a substantial two-storey house with broad white-painted verandahs running round both floors.

This mansion is the social Mecca of Kingston. It is Queen's Club which, for 50 years, has boasted the power and frequency of its blackballs.

The right hand of the second man rested on his shoulder and the right hand of the third on the shoulder of the second. The eyes of the second and third men were shut. The three men were dressed in rags and wore dirty jippa-joppa baseball caps with long peaks. They said

walked in front holding a tin cup against the crook of his stick.

that is the headquarters of the Secret Service.

Every day, at eighteen-thirty local time, unless he gave warning the day before that he would not be on the air—when he had business on one of the other islands in his territory, for instance, or was seriously ill—he would transmit his daily report and receive his orders.

At that time of day, on most evenings of the year, you would find the same four motor-cars standing in the road outside the club. They were the cars belonging to the high bridge with long peaks. They said orders. nothing and no noise came from them except the soft tapping of their sticks as they came slowly down the shadowed pavement towards the cars.

If he failed to come on the air precisely at six-thirty, there would be a second call, the "Blue" call, at seven, and, finally, the "Red" call at seven-thirty.

THE AUTHOR



IAN FLEMING ... the master thriller-writer who brought you "Diamonds are Forever" and "From Russia with Love."

game that assembled at five and played until around midnight. You could almost set your watch by these ears. They belonged, reading from the order in which they now stood against the kerb, to the brigadier in command of the Caribbean Defence Force, to Kingston's leading criminal lawyer, and to the mathematics professor from Kingston University.

Beggars

At the tall of the line stood the black Sunbeam Alpine, of Commander John Strangways, R.N. (Retd.), Regional Control Officer for the Caribbean—or, less discreetly, the local representative of the British Secret Service.

Just before 6.15 the silence of Richmond Road was softly broken. Three blind beggars came round the corner of the intersection and moved slowly down the pavement towards the four cars.

They were Chigroes—Chinese Negroes—bulky men, but bowed

REVIEW ARTICLE

T A R G E T

N	T	E
P	N	U
G	R	A

N	T	E
P	N	U
G	R	A

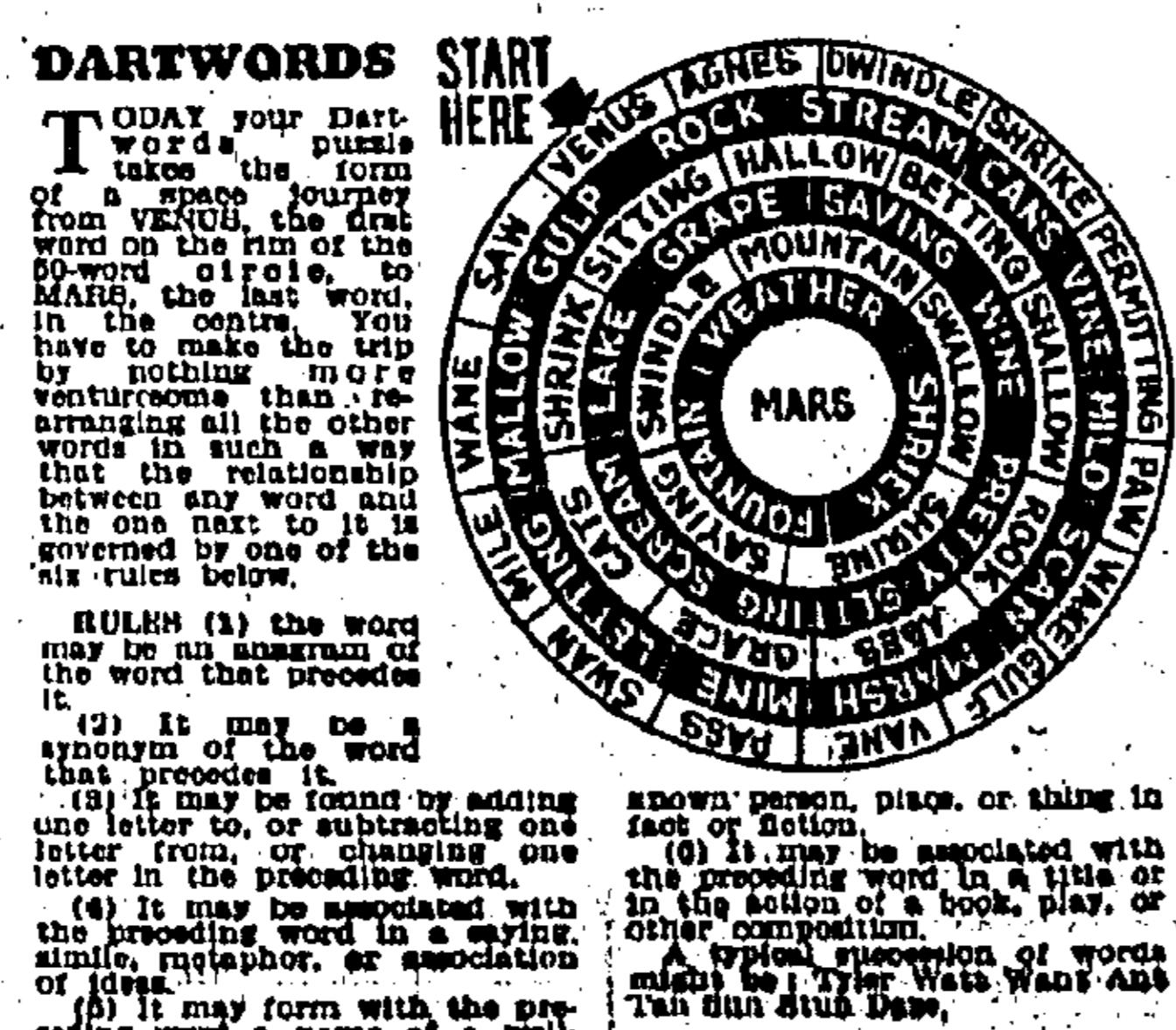
HOW many words of four letters or more can you make from the letters in the square on the left? In making each word, the letters in each of the small squares may be used once only. Each word must contain the large letter in the centre square, and there must be at least one two-letter word in the list. No plurals; no foreign words; no proper names.

TODAY'S TAIGET: 87 words, good; 61 words, very good; 44 words, excellent. Solution on Monday.

YESTERDAY'S SOLUTION: A thirty-six-point peace plan was issued last night by Field Marshal Manly Murray, military chief of the South African Defense Force.

DARTWORDS **SIMPLY
HERE**

TO DAY your Dartwords puzzle takes the form of a space journey from VENUS, the first word on the rim of the 60-word circle, to MARS, the last word, in the centre. You have to make the trip by nothing more venturesome than rearranging all the other words in such a way that the relationship between any word and the one next to it is governed by one of the six rules below.



A black and white woodblock-style illustration depicting a bustling street scene in a traditional Chinese town. The scene is filled with figures in period clothing, including men in official hats and women in long robes. In the foreground, a man in a patterned robe and a woman in a light-colored dress are walking. To the left, a person is seen carrying a large woven basket. The background features traditional Chinese architecture with tiled roofs and wooden structures. A prominent vertical signpost stands in the center of the street, and a small dog is visible near the bottom right. The overall atmosphere is one of a busy, everyday moment captured in a historical setting.

"The gang considers the staff in yesterday's paper about it, 'being time to recognize sportsmanship, determination, and ability received attention' has 'gon to yer 'eed."

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

EVERY BRIDE A BEAUTY ON WEDDING DAY

★ ★ ★ Plan Ahead, Avoid Detail Nerves ★ ★ ★



On her wedding day, this bride will look beautiful through the ceremony and the reception despite the crush of people and the hugs of well-wishers. Her secret lies in the care she takes to see that her make-up both natural and long lasting. She uses the same care with fragrance. First, she uses spray mist in "filly-of-the-valley" scent to create a cloud of fragrance about her (left). She applies a true-colour lipstick (centre) that leaves colour on the lips even when the lipstick has been removed. And she finishes with perfume, matched in scent to the spray mist. She sprays it on at wrists and throat where it will last longest.

By ALICIA HART

TO walk in beauty on her wedding day is the dream of every bride-to-be; And lovely she will be, if she avoids exhaustion, beauty's foremost enemy.

Wedding preparations can be hectic, but they need not be. The secret lies in starting long enough in advance, so that all the necessary details can be accomplished in a leisurely manner.

And plan your beauty ahead, too.

If you're going to get a permanent, have it done several weeks before the big event so that all the fizziness will have vanished. And don't wait until the night

before your wedding to wash and a fluffy puff rather than a flat one. Set your hair. Have it done two days ahead so that it will be soft and natural looking.

Make-up should be subtly applied on the day you walk down the aisle, for softness, not so-soft, is the keynote. And you must be certain, too, that your make-up will last through many hours.

Try using dry rouge. After you've applied it, set it with a dash of cold water on your gaily off-white checks. It will give it extra staying power.

Your face powder will stay longer, too, if it is applied with minutes, then blot again until no trace is left.

colour appears on the tissue. The fragrance for your wedding day should be delicate, but it must last. There is a lovely new spray mist that is a blending of the essential oils of perfume with an aerosol medium.

Spray it in the air and walk through the mist. The faint "illy-of-the-valley" scent should last for hours. After the spray, use a light perfume on the pulse points.

This will be the biggest day in your life. So plan it far enough ahead to avoid strain from weariness. Play down your makeup so that you look naturally lovely, and your dream wedding dress will be realized — you'll truly feel like a princess and needs little, if any, attention once applied.

In your life. So plan it far enough ahead to avoid strain from weariness. Play down your makeup so that you look naturally lovely, and your dream wedding dress will be realized — you'll truly feel like a princess and needs little, if any, attention once applied.

Put on one coat, then blot, naturally lovely, and your dream wedding dress will be realized — you'll truly feel like a princess and needs little, if any, attention once applied.

Fashion Favours The Mother-To-Be



HOW lucky is the mother-to-be this summer. Never before has Paris provided her with high-fashion clothes that keep her secret for so long.

The easy-going lines of the chemise, the full-flowing "trapeze" and the gently puffed overblouse, all strictly Sum-

mer 1958 fashion, are a flattering disguise for these important months.

ON THE RIGHT, a puffed cotton trapeze dress for a mother-to-be to wear all through the day. In black and white checks, it has a small sailor collar and a jaunty red overblouse, all strictly Sum-

mer 1958 fashion, are a flattering disguise for these important months.

ON THE RIGHT, a puffed cotton trapeze dress for a mother-to-be to wear all through the day. In black and white checks, it has a small sailor collar and a jaunty red overblouse, all strictly Sum-

BABY TALK

...YOU DON'T TEACH IT
TO YOUR CHILDREN
—THEY TEACH YOU

TIRED of decoding the coy phrases of the children in her care, a Surrey headmistress this week asked parents a straight question.

"There are some mothers who seem averse to seeing their children grow up—and always use baby talk," writes Mrs Nora Britton, in a magazine called *The Surrey Teacher*. "Why can't five-year-old start school speaking plain English?"

If Mrs. Britton is wondering why parents ever start this business of baby-talk, this is the answer.

DISCOVERY

"Fifteen months ago, I wondered myself. But my son is now fifteen months old, and I have made the startling discovery that babies do not understand plain English."

"Try simple words like 'Dog' and see where it gets you. 'There's a dog,' you say firmly, and the small face gazes back at you, blankly uncomprehending.

"It's as well to avoid it as much as possible," she says. "Not only the child, but for your own present, if you spend a lot of time with children, you do tend to come out at parties with things about mom-moos and bow-wow."

If Mrs. Britton is wondering why parents ever start this business of baby-talk, this is the answer.

REAL PROBLEM

Most parents recognise this, try to put a stop to "puff-puff," "dad-dad," "gee-gee" and find themselves face to face with the real problem.

The Carmichael family (actor Ian, wife Pym, and the two children), for instance, are unable to come right out with the word "hospital."

"Sally coined the word 'hospitall' when she was three," Pym Carmichael told me. "And that's what it has been to all of us ever since."

"You don't teach children baby talk—they teach you."

—(London Express Service).

The shaggy dog look



ON THE LEFT, the baby doll chemise dress that all smart girls are mad about for summer. In saucy French silk, it is a perfect party choice, with its softly draped silhouette falling from under the bust.

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doll chemise dress that all

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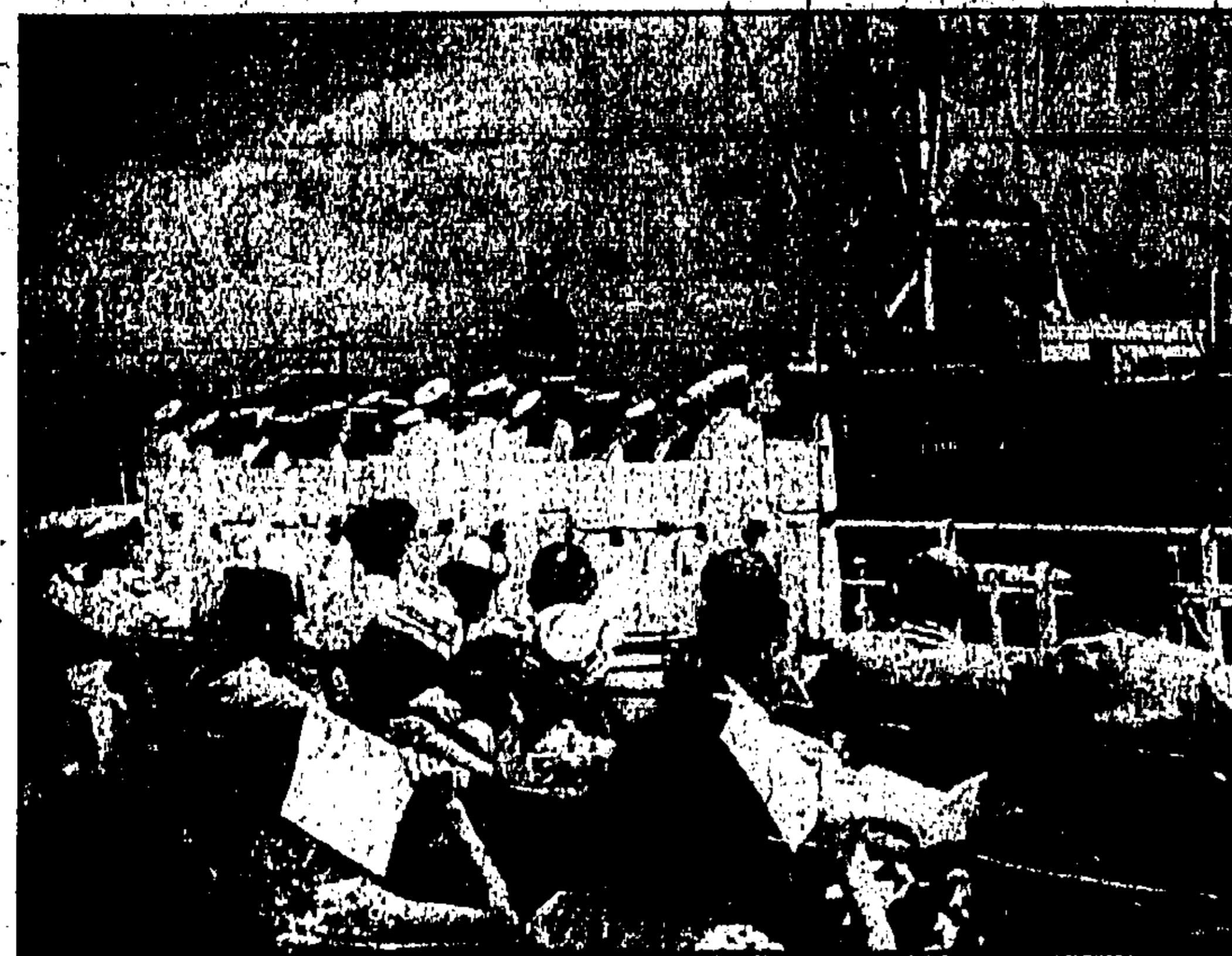
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ABOVE: The commissioning ceremony of HMS Davenham, one of the two new Royal Navy minesweepers which arrived here three months ago, at HMS Tamar, earlier this week. The minesweepers will be put on patrol duties with the Hongkong Flotilla.



ABOVE: A farewell tea party in honour of the Acting Chief Justice and Mrs T. J. Gould (first and second from right) was given at the Harold Smyth Room, St John's Cathedral, recently. They are pictured here with Mrs R. G. Hutcheon, one of the guests.

By CHINA MAIL PHOTOGRAPHERS



ABOVE: His Excellency the Governor attends the Canadian Dominion Day reception at the Hongkong Club this week. He is pictured chatting with (l-r facing camera) Mrs W. Miner, Mr Smalley (President of the Canadian Club) and Mr C. M. Forsyth-Smith, Canadian Government Trade Commissioner. At right Mr Smalley is seen laying a wreath at Saiwan Military Cemetery during a remembrance service for Canadian dead of World War II. LEFT: Major H. F. Smalley, Executive Director of the Hongkong Tourists Association, cuts the ribbon marking the opening of the new \$3.5 million Ritz Hotel in North Point earlier this week. Some 500 guests toured the 60-room hotel after the ceremony. RIGHT BELOW: Mrs G. Ozorio (right) helps herself to a piece of cake from Mrs R. T. Eng during an "Open House" in celebration of the 25th anniversary of the Hongkong Women's International Club, Gloucester Hotel, recently.



ABOVE: Mr. Li Po-kwai, a founder of the San Wui Commercial Society, receives a souvenir tray from Mr. T. C. Yu, after laying the foundation stone of the four-storey primary school building of the society at Kui Yin Fong, Western District.



LEFT: The Hobbies Display stall at the Open Day of the Yaumati Government School held earlier this week.

RIGHT: About 450 officers and men of the 1st Battalion, The South Lancashire Regiment, disembarking at Kowloon Wharf earlier this week. They will merge with the East Lancashire Regiment in accordance with the re-organisation of the British Army.

BELOW: Brigadier R. Hummerston, the Rev. K. L. Stumpf and Col. F. E. Jewkes (l-r) at the quarterly parade of the Youth Section of the Salvation Army recently.





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BAREFOOTED: Marilyn Palmer, 17, won third place in Radio Hongkong's "Beginners Please" programme recently when she sang, snapped and swayed her way through "Somebody Stole the Wedding Bells." The amateur talent contest was won by Miss Phyllis Ho. At left, Miss Eileen Woods, who presented the prizes at the conclusion of the finals, congratulates programme's compere John Wallace on a job well done.

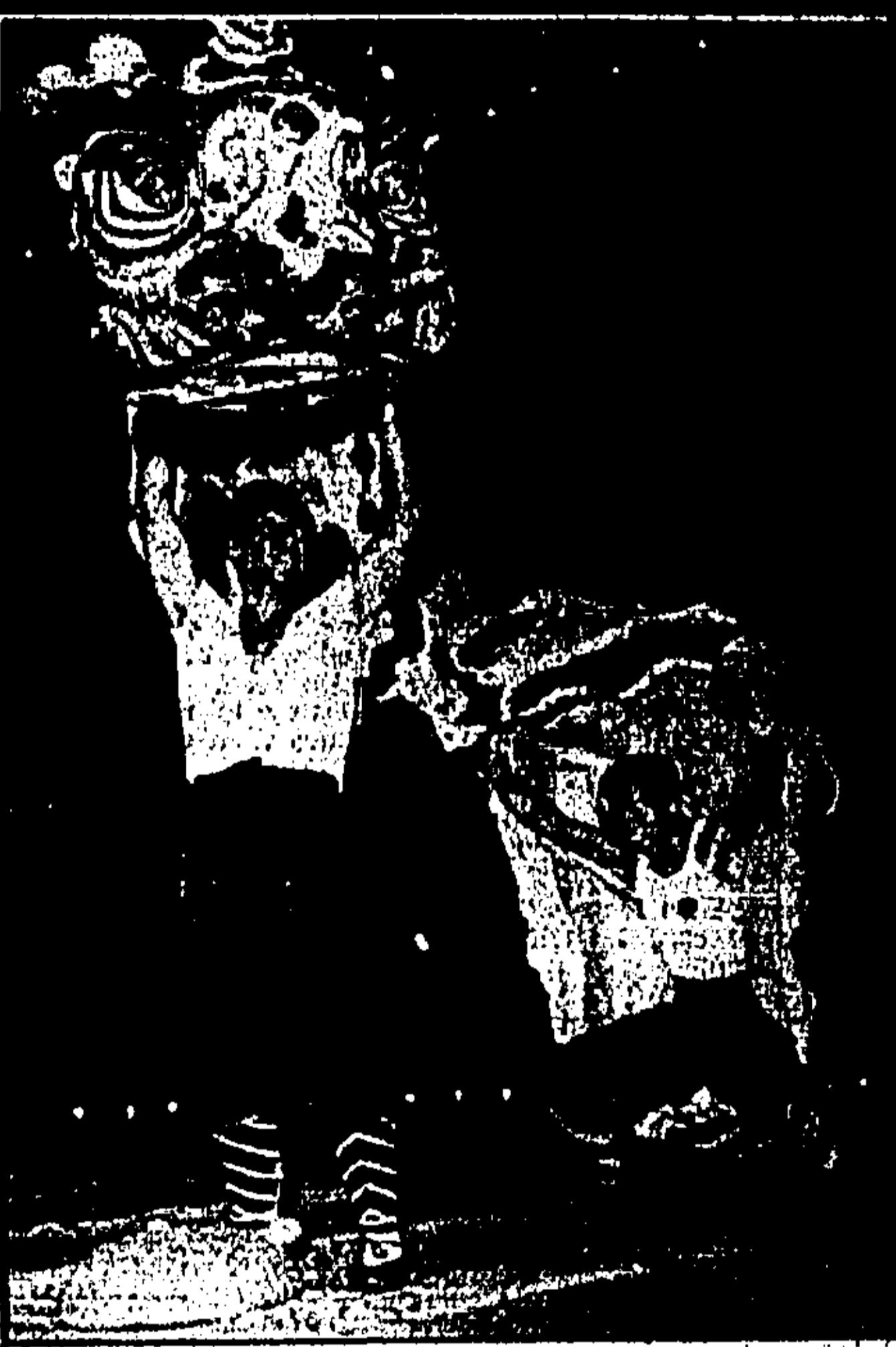
★ ★ ★
ABOVE RIGHT: The Rev. V. Lewis presents a bible to one of the Salvation Army cadets who was recently commissioned into service at a dedication ceremony held in the Salvation Army Hall, Nathan Road.



TWO highlights of the grand charity concert sponsored by the Tung Wah Group of Hospitals recently. Above: a group of dancers in period costumes put on a graceful act for the large audience who helped to raise funds for a new Kwong Wah Hospital in Kowloon. Right: A spectacular Lion dance animated by two talented members of the Chen Lung Chui Tong, a sports club.

★ ★ ★

LEFT: Mr and Mrs Robert Liang after their wedding at the Registry Office this week. The bride is the former Miss Teresa Coleman of New York and Los Angeles. The groom is on the staff of the Hongkong bureau of Time-Life International. Photo by courtesy.



LEFT: Mr and Mrs Tan Peng-kian after their marriage at the Registry recently. The bride was the former Miss Lily Wing-kwan Chan.

ABOVE: Major and Mrs G.E. Hudson after their wedding at Garrison Church recently. The bride was the former Miss Sandy Holt.

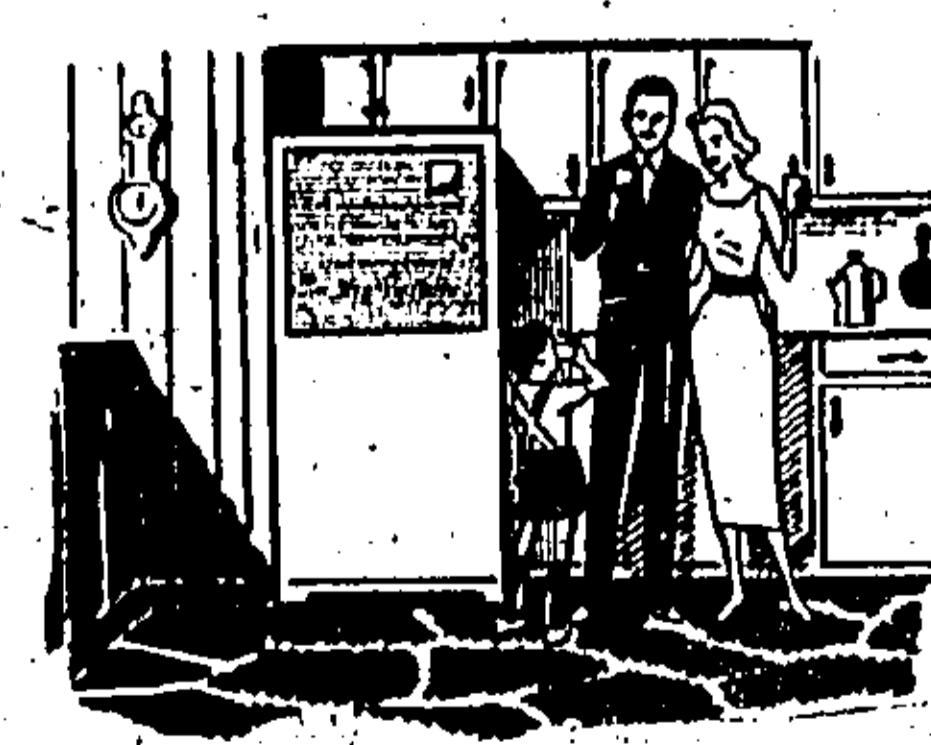
ABOVE: Dr and Mrs Chan Leong-guan after their wedding at Rosary Church this week. Bride was formerly Miss Rose Becky Chan Bick-kaye.

RIGHT: Mr and Mrs J. Hogan after their wedding at St Teresa's this week. The bride was formerly Miss Delycia Marie Sequeira.



BRIDAL group at the wedding of Mr Lawrence Hing-fun Fung, eldest son of Mr and Mrs Kenneth Fung, Ping-fan, and Miss Leatrice Sau-yan Lock, at Honglun's St Andrew's Church on June 22. L-R: Misses Helen Sugo, Barbara Wong; the bride; the bridegroom, Messrs Robert Hing-fun Fung (groom's brother); Allen Lock, Kenneth M. C. Fung and Cyril M. C. Fung; Miss Elizabeth Choi and Master Bruce Choi. — Photo by courtesy.

New Refrigerator styling that fits in to look built-in!



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THE CLERK TURNED HUNTER—HE MADE A FORTUNE

IN utter darkness the clerk's dinghy surged on. No land could be seen; no stars, no moon.

The clerk was in Scotland on his summer holiday. But the holiday was not going quite according to plan. Slowly, awfully from all the shipping routes, the tiny boat was moving out into the ocean towards Greenland.

It was not drifting. It was being hauled steadily through the darkness by sea anywhere, not even a sea-bird. They decided they do? They weight of six sullen curs, by a wife-mouthed, slime-covered monster with a brain the size of a golf ball—a harpooned basking shark.

What had happened? The story is told in **THE SEA MY HUNTING GROUND**, by Anthony Watkins (Heinemann, 18s.).

It begins in a City office on a summer's day. Watkins was posting items into the sales ledger.

Every day of every week that was his sole duty. And, as he sat there with the sun glinting on the office windows he saw with a fearful clearness that it would go like that, year after year, until the sales manager died.

Then came the turning point. Watkins looked more closely at the ledger entry he was making at that moment. It was the sale of two hundredweight of shark oil from Japan for a customer in Scotland.

The memory of a headline

Frowning, Watkins paused. Into his mind came the memory of a newspaper headline about an accident off Scotland. A yacht, in broad daylight and in flat calm, had suddenly disintegrated in a cloud of spray.

The wreckage was found to be covered in black, oozing slime. When the battered bodies of the crew were washed up they too were covered in the same black slime.

Experts had concluded that the slime came from a huge basking shark which had leaped from the quiet sea and smashed the yacht to pieces.

In the hot London office Anthony Watkins suddenly saw a door of escape. Could it be possible that bringing shark oil from Japan to Scotland was merely another way of sending coal to Newcastle? Could shark-fishing off Scotland be made into a business?

He visited museum libraries. He consulted experts. He decided that he would catch a shark during his summer holiday. He would send its oil down, its flesh to various industrial firms. If they were interested he could escape at last.

And so a few weeks later Watkins found himself being hauled towards death.

A monster is harpooned

He had hired a motor-launch and crew. From the launch's dinghy a shark had been harpooned near the mouth of the Clyde. The monster dived and pulled the dinghy out to sea. The motor-launch followed at a distance.

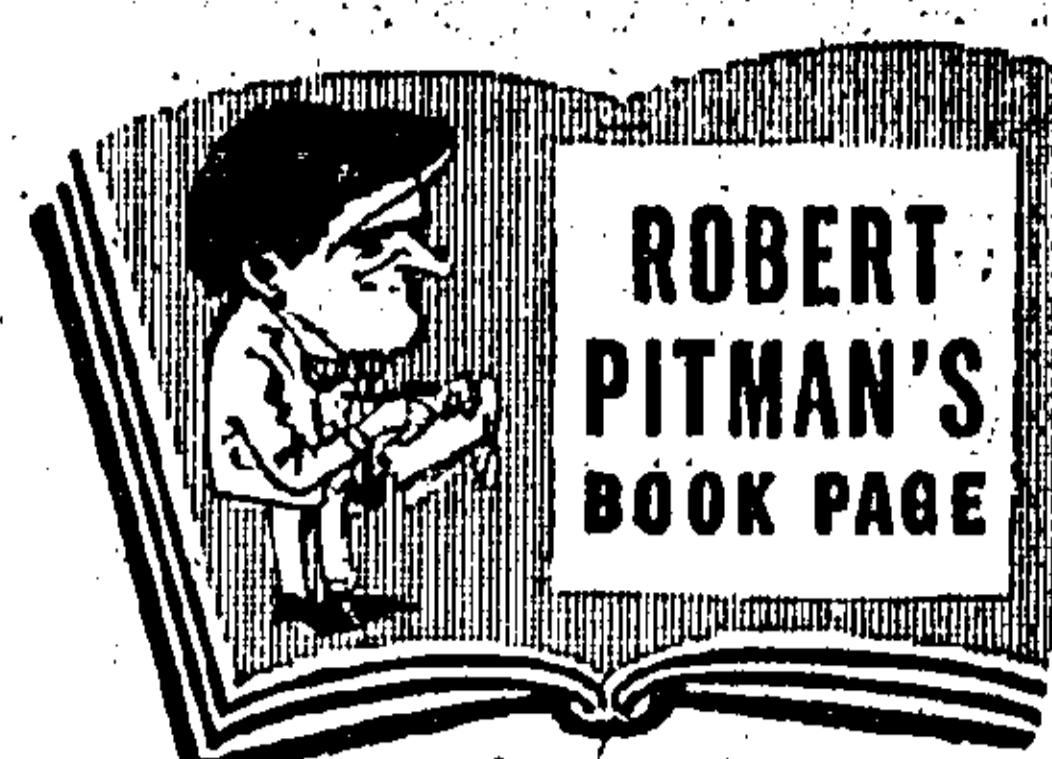
For hours, trying to tie the shark, Watkins and his crew took shifts—two in the dinghy, two in the launch.

Evening came. Watkins and one of his crew were in the dinghy. Looking round they noticed that the launch's lights were falling further behind in the dusk. Then they disappeared altogether.

Watkins guessed there had been engine trouble. When it was put right, the launch would catch up.

Only one chance of survival

The hours of darkness stretched on. Then there was a streak of yellow dawn. Now they knew where the east was they realised they were heading away from the Scottish coast towards Greenland. They looked round eagerly as the light grew.



At last they arrived. A firm offered him £25 a ton for the liver oil. Watkins did some calculations. Then he took the plunge. With dignity he told his boss that he had found a promising opening for oils and fats business in Scotland. The triumph of that business Watkins now tells in glistening detail. He describes the moment when, in a storm with a 30ft. shark hovering over him in a huge wave, he had to pluck his harpoon gun upwards.

Slowly they pulled in the line. Then rose a great roar from the surface. Yards behind the tip of a massive tail appeared.

Watkins leaned forward with an oar ready to touch the fish on the gills. As he reached out his hand almost trembled. He remembered the sight he had seen himself earlier in the holiday—a shark leaping from the sea 40 yards from his boat and standing poised on its tail as high as a three-storeyed house. He remembered the story of mangled bodies after a shark had hit a yacht.

Gingerly he prodded the gills with the blade. The shark did not react. He prodded the gills again. No reaction.

Then Watkins jabbed at the great right eye. The shark swerved and the tail swished indignantly.

When the flurry of waves died away, the two men found the boat had swung through a quarter circle to the left. Gradually job by job, they brought the fish round until it was pulling them strongly back to Scotland.

At the cost, after they had fished a mauler buoy on the harpoon line, the men allowed themselves to be picked up by the local lifeboat.

Such was the debut of Anthony Watkins as shark-hunter.

He returned to his London office. As he filled in the reports he waited for the results on his samples of shark.

"I DIDN'T like Martians. I

"I did not fancy having a thing that looks like a free trawler topped off by a sun helmet claiming the importance of a man. I did not like the fact that they could look

at all directions at once without turning their heads—if they had had heads, which of course they don't. And I couldn't stand their smell!"

From **THE ANGRY DECADE** by Kenneth Alspach (Owen, 21s.).

Do you want to glitter at intellectual parties? Do you want to show you know what Colin Wilson really wrote about Cthulhu? Tell me the difference between Arnis and Osborne? This book about the young writers of the 'fifties provides an intelligent and provocative guide.

From **DOUBLE STAR**, by Robert Heinelein (Michael Joseph, 15s. td.).

"Noboddy could accuse me of race prejudice, I didn't care what a man's colour, race, or religion was. But men were men, whereas Martians were things. They weren't even animals to my way of thinking. Permitting them in restaurants and bars used by men struck me as outrageous."

From **GO ON WITH YOUR STORY, HE ISN'T LISTENING—WHAT DID THE TALKING HORSE SAY?** by Ray Bradbury and John Wyndham.

I rate Heinlein above Ray Bradbury and John Wyndham. Like H. G. Wells, he uses science to get at the politics of the future.

As this quote illustrates,

all directions at once without turning their heads—if they had had heads, which of course they don't. And I couldn't stand their smell!"

William and Gilbert Foyle, sons of a Shoreditch grocer, were intended for the Civil Service. But they failed their entrance exams, advertised their text books for sale—and received no many replies—they realised there was money to be made in the book trade.

That was in 1904, when William was 19 and Gilbert 17.

Hence work and enthusiasm finally produced the capital for the move to Charing Cross Road, and the business expanded rapidly to become the world's largest bookshop.

Along 50 miles of shelves, divided into 32 departments, 4,000,000 books are stocked about half of them second-hand.

Subject matter varies from

Advertising to Zoology, and the Oriental Catalogue lists such languages as Acholi, Bini and Ewe.

In addition to personal callers, 35,000 letters are received daily from all over the world

—(London Express Service).

Twinkling eyes and a penchant for punks were not sufficient in themselves to deserve a "stall" in his parents' kitchen to an internationally famous store with an annual turnover of £2,000,000.

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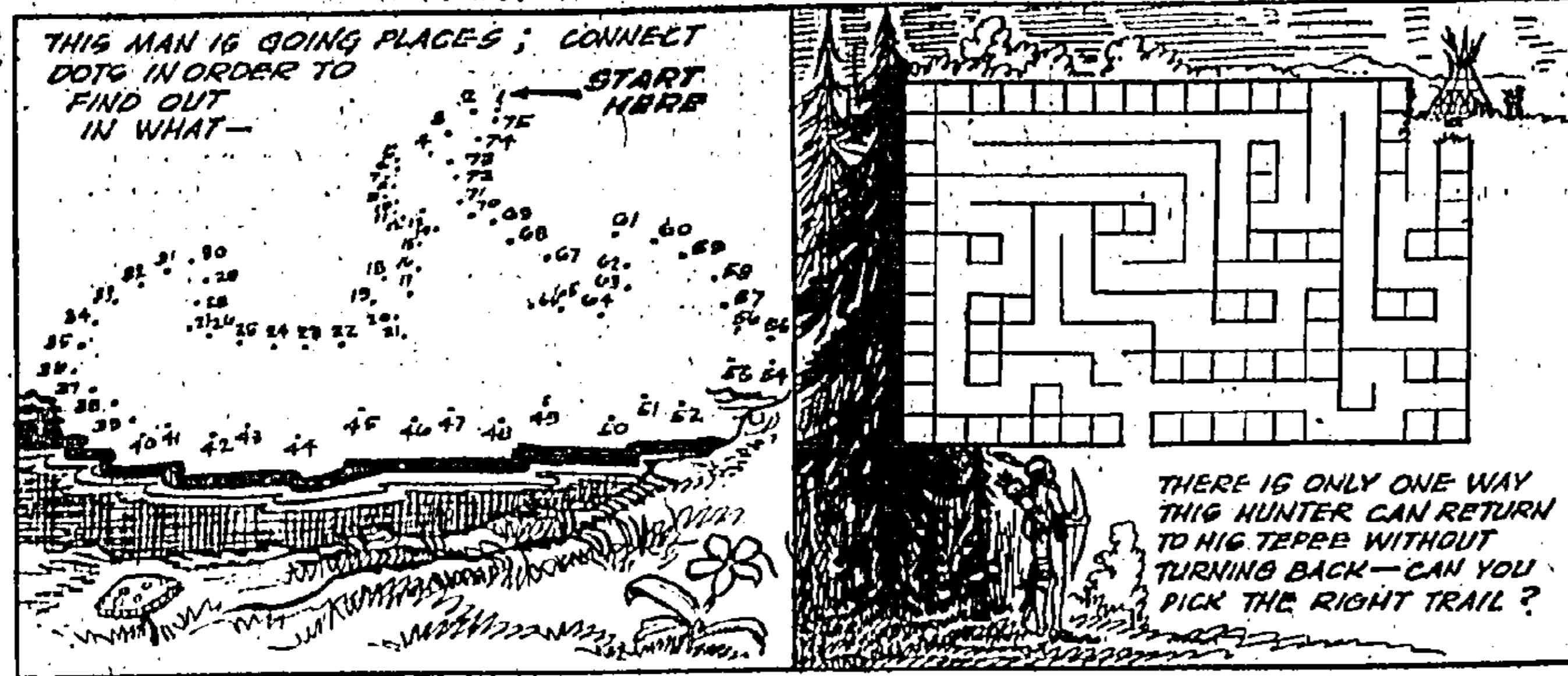
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FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Pencil Fun—Get Busy And Work These Out



Short Story—Miss MacDougal's Bumbershoot

MISS MACDOUGAL. Lived in a little tumble-down house on the edge of town. Some folks thought she was a bit queer but most people thought she was wonderful. Timothy certainly thought so.

Besides making super-delicious popovers she could tell exciting stories.



"I'm very glad you asked that," she replied, "or I might have forgotten to tell you!" She took a deep breath and said, "It's magic. It can take anyone anywhere if the wind is right."

"Have you ever gone anywhere on it?" he asked.

"Oh yes, yesterday! Of course that was before I ate so many popovers and became so plump."

Timothy looked longingly at the bumbershoot.

★ ★ ★

She had sailed all around the world with her father who had been a sea captain. She had personally met the Slingah of Singapore and the Bagoo of Banakok.

"It was in Italy that my father got the wonderful bumbershoot," she told Timothy one day. "At least, I think it was in Italy. You've seen the bumbershoot, of course?"

Timothy nodded.

Anyone else would have called it an umbrella. And no one else would have called it wonderful. It was large and old and an ugly green colour.

"What is so wonderful about it?" he couldn't help asking.

"I know just what you are thinking," said Miss MacDougal firmly, "and the answer is me."

The bumbershoot isn't doing me earthly bit of good, so you might as well have it."

"For my very own?" asked Timothy.

"For your very own, I'm sure that it will carry you very nicely as long as you don't eat too many popovers. Have another one."

—MABEL HARMER

Adventure—HELICOPTER DOES THE IMPOSSIBLE

CHARLES E. GREEN, JR., 36-year-old ex-copter pilot, strung an eighth-of-an-inch wire cable across the Grand Canyon of the Colorado by means of a whirly bird.

After the heavy-wire had been secured, three successively larger cables were attached and drawn across a mere matter of a powerful hoist, the last being a 1½-inch track cable.

Suspended from this an aerial tramway now runs over a two-mile span from the top of the south rim to a huge cave on the opposite side, 600 feet above the bed of the Colorado.

Only one hitch developed on that first spectacular run. Testing the heavy steel wire, Stan-

ley Farwell, construction foreman, discovered that it was snagged on a crag, 500 feet up on the rocky south side.

By walkie-talkie he contacted the ground crew below and had a man come across the river in a rubber boat. Green then picked him up in his helicopter and lifted him to where the workman could free the cable.

★ ★ ★

The tramway opens up a hitherto inaccessible store of bat guano found in this cave, which naturally goes by the name of Bat Cave. Scientists estimate that the cave has been in existence for over a million years, during which time vast quantities of guano have accumulated.

Only one thousand feet of the cave have been explored, but it

is estimated that over 100,000 tons of this rich fertiliser have been deposited here alone. As plant food and as a source of ingredient for certain miracle drugs, this known deposit is valued at \$10,000,000.

Bat Cave is located about 25 miles upstream from Pierce's Ferry, and was first discovered in the early thirties by a young man who sold his claim for \$50.

After changing hands several times because of the difficulties encountered in its development, it was finally acquired by a Canadian company, working through a subsidiary, the United States Guano Corp., officers of which came up with the idea of exploiting this fertiliser treasure by means of an aerial tramway.

Most of the work so far has been done from the south rim

or from a camp far below on the north side of the river. Temperatures here have ranged from 130 degrees in summer to freezing in winter.

Workers have had to combat not only heat and cold but wild life as well. Rattlesnakes and mountain lions have visited them but fortunately no one was hurt.

★ ★ ★

Lens of cots had to be placed in cans of kerosene to keep scorpions and ants out of the beds.

But with the aerial cable in place it will be possible to move up into the cave itself. Here there are rooms like huge auditoriums, 300 feet wide, 500 feet long, and 100 feet high.

—MARK WILCOX

Crazy World—RIDING

WITH things going as they are, it seems quite possible that in the year 2000 a ton of coal will be shipped from New York to California in less than 15 minutes.

The accepted "fast freight carriers" of the national transportation system may well be radio-controlled rockets.

It may be practical for the rockets to travel in underground tunnels through networks of automatically controlled radar systems.

The rockets may be powered with special nuclear fuel.

A special feature of the freight rockets would be their two-part construction. They would be made along the same



THE ROCKETS

EACH OF THESE words contains an "inch." By carefully inching down the list see how many of the words you can complete.

1. INCH. A bird.

2. INCH. Part of a saddle.

3. INCH. Squeeze between the fingers.

4. — INCH. To wince.

5. — INCH. To hold fast.

6. — INCH. Leafy green vegetable.

7. — INCH. — H — — Pad, for holding pins.

8. — INCH. — Small fur-bearing animal.

Brain Teaser

The rocket freight sections could be loaded at factories, warehouses, and depots, then moved by cables to the "flight area."

At the "flight area" the freight section of the transportation rocket would be joined to the nuclear power section.

Meanwhile, electronic control takes mapping out the rocket's movements in harmony with other rocket movements would be made.

By using duplicates of these tapes, one could be inserted in the master control of all rocket movements at the control depot. The duplicate would go in the rocket itself. The rocket movements will then become an automatic part of the entire rocket transportation system.

Just wait until the year 2000 and see!

Rupert and the Jackdaw—29



The little pals want to explain about how they got into the house and found the jackdaw. However, the constable gruffly tells them that their story cannot be believed. After a short argument, the constable goes to his office and, carrying them firmly, he marches them up the long snow track.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Make A Spooleroo

To make a spooleroo, you will need a large empty spool, two used match sticks, a rubber band and cardboard.

Now pull the rubber band through the hole in one end of the spool. Fasten it there with half a kitchen match slipped through the rubber band.

Next cut a circle from heavy cardboard large enough to cover the other opening in the spool. Make a small hole in the centre of it and slip the rubber band through. Now fasten the rubber band as before, but use a whole used match stick this time.

Now wind up the larger match stick until the rubber band is good and tight. Place on the floor, let go, and watch your

WOOKS WHO

THE HOME OF THE RARE SUMAPE GOLDEN TROUT IS IN LAKE SUNAPEE, N.H. A CLOSE RELATIVE OF THE ARCTIC CHAR, THIS RARE FISH IS SAID TO HAVE SURVIVED IN THE LAKE SINCE POST-GLACIAL TIMES.

THE SAW-WHIT OWL GETS ITS NAME FROM ITS CALL WHICH SOUNDS LIKE THE FILING OF A SAW...

SWIFTS ARE THE SWIFTEST OF BIRDS. TWO SPECIES IN INDIA HAVE BEEN CLOCKED AT 170 TO 200 MILES AN HOUR...

SECRET WRITING MAKES NOTES GREEK TO OTHERS

SECRET codes have been used for hundreds of years. They have provided fun for children and grown-ups. And they have been used to keep secrets in times of war.

The secret code shown here is easy to use. For every letter of the alphabet there is a secret symbol.

To write in this code, spell out your message in ordinary English. Then write it a second time, substituting the symbols for the regular letters.

Your friend, with the help of the key, can decode your message. He simply looks up each symbol and writes the letter of the alphabet that it stands for. Soon he has the message back into English.

Boys and girls can have a lot of fun with a secret code. Two friends or a small group can each have a copy of the key. Then they can write messages which no one outside the group can read. Each person with a key can, however, quickly change the code message into regular English.

Clubs can keep secrets from non-members. Two people can correspond freely, and secretly, in code. Even one person alone may have a strictly private code to record secrets. A very famous diary was kept by an Englishman, Samuel Pepys, 300 years

ago. He wrote it in a code or cipher, so he wrote very candidly of himself and his friends. Long after he died, his cipher was unlocked and the diary published. Today it tells us many things about that time long ago we might never have known.

The secret code shown here is easy to use. For every letter of the alphabet there is a secret symbol.

To write in this code, spell out your message in ordinary English. Then write it a second time, substituting the symbols for the regular letters.

As you use the code you will grow familiar with it and won't need to use the key so much.

And here's a surprise: Your friends may say your secret messages look like "Greek" to them.

Well, that's just what they will be. The symbols are nearly

all letters of the Greek alphabet.

A few of the symbols had to be invented because the Greeks had no such letters. (They are: C, H, J, Q, V, W, and Y.)

They are really Greek and you'll be writing a sort of "Queer Greek" when you use the code.

SECRET CODE

The Baron Munch Ocean

—He Started It By Collecting Raindrops—

By MAX TRELL

BARON MUNCH looked out of the window at the rain that fell in a steady downpour.

"Rain, rain, rain," he said to Knarf, the Shadow Boy with the Turned-about Name and Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, who were visiting him.

"I just look at all those drops," said Knarf. "There must be millions and millions of them."

"No one has ever counted them," said Baron Munch.

"Nobody ever does anything with all those raindrops," said Teddy. "They all just fall on the ground and no one pays any attention to them."

Collected Raindrops

"I beg your pardon," said Baron Munch. "I'm one of the few persons who have ever done anything with raindrops. The fact of the matter is, I used to collect them."

Knarf and Teddy looked at Baron Munch with astonishment. They knew that he had often done extraordinary things. But this was the first time that they had ever heard that he had collected raindrops.

Baron Munch sat himself down in his comfortable chair, lit his meerschaum pipe and began his story.

"Now then, I was living in the country with fields and meadows all around me. I used to notice how often the rain fell on the ground. So one day I decided that it was very wasteful to let the drops just lie there. I made up my mind to collect them."

"How were you able to do that?" asked Knarf.

Made Puddles

"Well," said Baron Munch. "I used my eyes and saw that as soon as the raindrops hit the ground, they began forming little puddles."

"Rain puddles?" asked Teddy.

Baron Munch nodded.

"I would put on my raincoat and rubbers and go outside where all the rain puddles were and start putting them together.

"Rain puddles?" asked Knarf.

"I made a lake," said Baron Munch. "I didn't want raindrops to go to waste. So I kept collecting them every time they fell and put them into my lake. And my lake grew and grew and grew so big that you couldn't see from one end to the other."

Great Waves

"Huge steamships went sailing across it. Great waves moved back and forth. There were sandy beaches along the shores where people came in their bathing suits. It wasn't a lake any more."

"What was it?" asked Knarf and Teddy.

Baron Munch puffed contentedly on his pipe for a minute or so before he smiled and answered.

"It was an ocean. People called it Baron Munch Ocean. It was almost as big as the Atlantic Ocean."

"Well, that shows what you can do with raindrops if you just set your mind to it."

Teddy was about to end Baron Munch what had finally happened to Baron Munch Ocean when Baron Munch suddenly got up and announced he had nothing more to do.

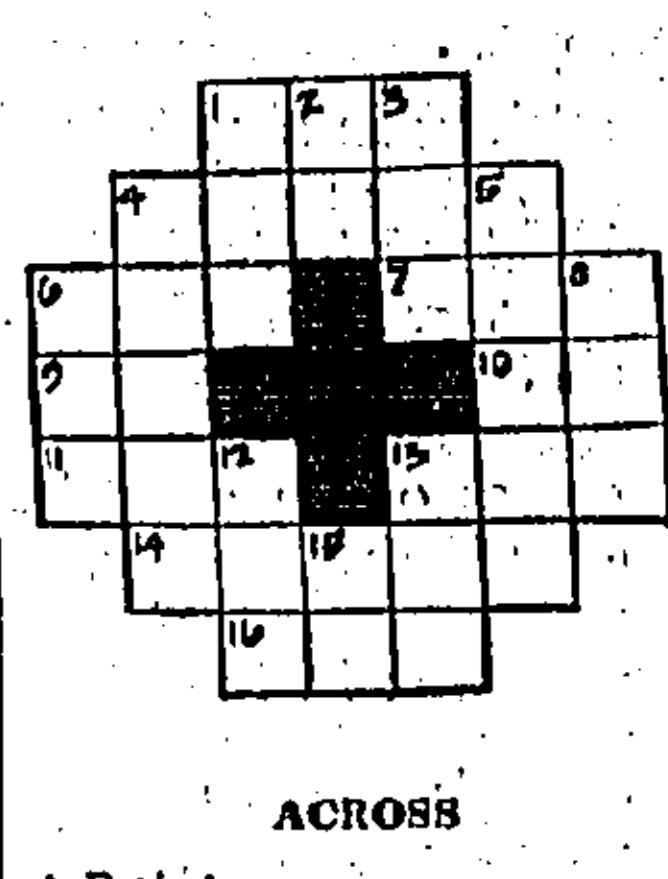
"I wonder if it's really true?"

Teddy said sadly to Knarf later.

—EVELYN WITTER

Puzzle Pete's COLUMN

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Period

4. Sea eagles

6. Some

9. Not old

10. That thing

11. Northeast (ab.)

12. Beast's lair

Now I'll Tell

by Rae Johnstone

HOW THE STORY
CAME TO BE
WRITTEN ...

JUST three weeks after I had decided to turn up the riding game M. Pierre Wertheimer, who first retained me to ride in France way back in '32, organised a farewell dinner.

Around me at the Pre Catelan in the Bois de Boulogne, just a few kangaroo hops from Longchamp, sat so many of those I had ridden for—and against—during those 25 years.

Men and women owners for whom I had been fortunate enough to win classics here in France, in England, and Ireland.

The big names

"Old Man" Dick Carver, who trained my first Epsom Derby winner, My Love, and whose pre-Derby "instructions" I could still recall vividly...Alec Head, with whom I was associated in Lavardin's fairy-tale...Sad, philosophical Russian emigre Joseph Ginzbourg. Jockeys like Freddy Palmer, who didn't help to stop the lumps which kept rising in my throat by getting up and saying things which made me wonder: what the hell am I retiring for? (as if I didn't know)...Nine times French champion Roger Pothecat...Jacko "Tarzan" Doy-asber.

The reflections

I felt like an oarsman without a boat, a bird without wings, a jockey without a horse.

Somebody carried the silver tray, somebody else the model of a horse made of swansdown. We left the glittering

chandeliers at the Pre Catelan and drove—some of us—into Paris to a "bolte."

In the dim, smoky atmosphere we talked—and talked—racing, of course. And it was like so many Paris evenings except that while Alec Head, Count Roland de Chambure (on one of whose father's horses I nearly "went" at Epsom), Frank Vogel, who stood by me so faithfully in the lean years, Peter O'Sullivan, who had chronicled so many of my successes, defended the failures, talked...I suddenly realised that we were discussing horses on whom I would never ride again. It was a lonely thought.

Then—somebody—I will not attach the blame—reached for the brandy bottle, leaned across the table, and said: "Rae, you should write a book, because you tell the truth."

AND NOW...

BACK TO THE START AS A BOY IN AUSTRALIA...

SOMEONE once said that anyone in sport must learn how to take defeat. But it is just as hard to learn how to take victory. I took my defeats all right, but I couldn't hold the success. It went to my head like the whisky I never drink.

Big-shot Johnstone. He doesn't wear a hat, they said, because they're not made big enough for him. With too much money and too much success too soon, I couldn't figure how the game had come to survive this long without me.

Na jockey wants to bet his "roll" on a horse whom the

I was a gambler. It's a funny thing but very few people realise what that means. OK, so he's a gambler—likes to have a bet on a horse or something. But it isn't that way. A gambler gets "hooked" as much as a dope addict. Of course, he tells himself, he gambles to get money. But that is a half truth. Did you ever see a real gambler who has run into money—and every gambler has to do that sometime or other—lose himself up with securities or gold cigarette cases?

Of course not. Why? Because he needs the money for gambling. It is a compulsion—destructive as any addiction.

I would gamble on anything—on a couple of flicks covering up a window, odd or even numbers on the index number of the next car round the corner, or the notes in your pocket. And on cards.

Jockeys are not allowed to bet in Australia, any more than they are in Europe. How anyone can seriously expect it to work out in practice beats me. If a jockey wants to bet—and most people would be astonished to learn how few—he will bet. That's for certain.

I betted

I did anyway, and did so the same way as any other jockey who cannot accept the view that bookmakers are a protected race. At the same time I had my own more than usually complicated variation.

At some time or other the owner or trainer or both have to indicate to the jockey what is required of him. Unless plans have been discussed between all three well in advance, instructions are imparted in the paddock.

Na jockey wants to bet his

trainer states to be insufficiently fit to be pushed out in a race, or on one whose energy is required to be judiciously conserved for another occasion.

So intentions having been disclosed, the betting jockey will execute a prearranged signal to a friend at the paddockside—change his whip from left to right hand, put his hands behind his back, scratch an ear, etc., to give the "office."

Methods

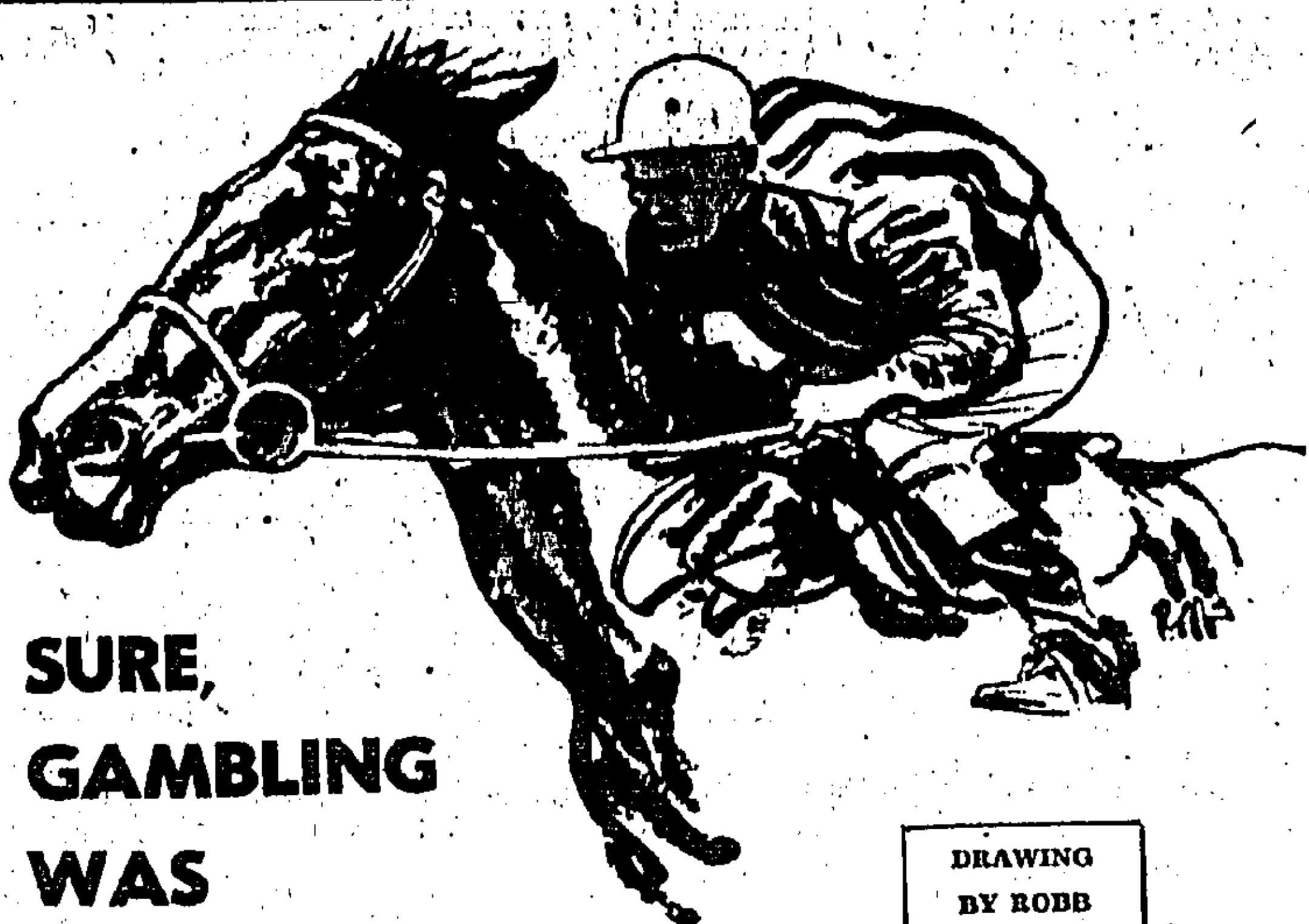
According to the trainer's confidence in a "goer" I would canter down on the stands rails to show I wanted, say, £100 on it; centre for £200, and far side for £300.

If the horse moved to the barrier badly, in my opinion, I might jump down for a second to "show out" that I wanted to cancel instructions. If possible, I mine wasn't to be over-exerted that day I'd organise a system of indicating whom I wanted to be "on."

All strictly improper according to the rules of racing, I know, constituting an offence which could have abruptly ended my career. But I did not and still do not regard it dishonest.

SURE, GAMBLING WAS LIKE DOPE TO ME...

DRAWING
BY ROBB



The winners kept coming along. There were days when I Welter Handicap on November 11, 1922, anyway.

Maybe, but I'm not sure. I certainly wasn't sure enough at the time when riding suitably named Gambler's Gold (by the imported sire Powhatan) a 3-1 favourite. I challenged between Perfume and Eastern Joe just over a furlong, then rolled a little towards one and back

to the other.

Trinacria "was" only 7-1 on the totaliser owing to the filly's rider having such a strong public following," reported a newspaper. Meanwhile, the stewards had called me in for another few words about the previous race, with the result that the same edition of the paper carried the news—"the stewards were of the opinion W. Johnstone could have kept Gambler's Gold straight and suspended him for two months."

The cheque

I hadn't been back all that long—and by now I was nearly 19 and the money shortage was acute—when the stewards made their annual bank account inspection to ensure that trainers were looking after their apprentices.

My youth and success had created for me quite a following among the crowd. It could have been just that my mount was a good one, but then they shouted "Good on you, Tiger boy," when the appeal was dismissed. And I went out to ride in the second division of the handicap.

Lot of work

My compulsory savings at this time should have looked very healthy. They amounted to precisely—nothing. I hadn't forged the cheques. I had just arranged for the bank to cash them with one signature instead of two...the manager was a pal of mine. But I was banished—forbidden to ride within 100 miles of Sydney. "Expelled for spending his own money," yipped the papers.

One of the chief country stipendiary stewards wrote to the Australian Jockey Club recommending me for a permit to return. That letter got me reinstated. Back in Sydney, luck—and who doesn't need it?—was with me. I climbed up on four winners the first day. The run continued. It seemed too good to be true.

NEXT WEEK:

How I 'fixed'
a race...

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P

**GET UP AT EIGHT IN THE MORNING
— GO TO BED AT 9.30 P.M.
FEW PARTIES AND DANCES**

Would You Do All These For Fame?

Asks MARY HAMPSON

For you, most likely, tennis is just a game, to be played in odd moments on odd courts — for fun. But at Wimbledon nobody pretends that tennis is a game. It is played passionately and determinedly — to win.

Tennis has a way of highlighting personalities. Take Christine Truman, the 17-year-old British girl who has caught her country's imagination like no other sportswoman for years.

She's the real-life heroine of a schoolgirl adventure book, with every little incident stopped up and dramatised. The honour of the form said all that's manifested to take in the honour of her country.

When you meet Christine, the illusion is not destroyed. She is a schoolgirl — tall, unaffected, and completely unspoiled by success. For her looks is a way of life.

Because of tennis, parties and dances are rare — there's not much time for a private life when you get up at 8 o'clock in the morning and go to bed at 9.30 p.m., to be ready to play tennis next day. Would you do all that for fame?

She doesn't appear to know what temperament is. Perhaps that is because a girl who is part of an ordinary, happy family isn't given much scope for prima donna tactics. Perhaps it's just because she is Christine Truman, who wouldn't see the sense of it anyway.

On the court she plays tennis to win. Off court she never plays to any gallery.

Perfect Answer

She's the perfect answer to all the tennis critics who complain that the modern teenager won't work, won't concentrate, won't take advice and never listens.

In the past 12 months, Christine has refuted all those arguments. She has practised every day, taken weight-lifting lessons to give her extra flexibility and strength.

"It is mad, a great difference to my game I think," Christine said, with the engaging difference which always seems to out the credit.

She is glad and grateful for advice and always willing to

acknowledge it.

She hates what she calls "fuss." And fuss is anything which tries to pin-point her off the court.

"She's a darling," said Teddy Trilling, who has made all her tennis outfits since she began to play. "She's everybody's sweetheart, and rightly so, too. She's absolutely charming."

Mascot Outfit

"Like all kids, she has a sort of mascot outfit, and that's typical of her. She gives all the credit to the dress, because she always thinks she's lucky if she wins."

"But it can be a bit tricky. All her clothes have to be made in jersey, so they can be washed and ironed in a couple of hours, ready for her to wear again. It gives her mother a lot of work."

Just watching Christine sign autographs is a revelation. She manages to convey the impression that she can't think why anyone should want her autograph. But if they do, it's very nice of them...

She is sweet and shy and completely unaggressive. It is only on the court that this illusion is destroyed. There is nothing sweet and unaggressive about her game.

"She's typically British. That's what I like about her," said a forceful woman in the stands. "She's controlled, and she's not uncommunicative, and she's not scared by the odds."

Another Lenglen?

Christine's cool serenity off the courts is offset by that other teenager, who according to the experts, is nearer to Suzanne Lenglen in style and personality than anyone Wimbledon has seen for years.

She is Maria Esther Bueno, the 18-year-old Brazilian with the blue, lovely walk of a cat and eyes which don't recognise defeat. There is nothing underhanded and understanding about Maria Esther. ("It is a name we say together, like Mary Ann.")

Maria Esther fought to get into tennis, and she will certainly fight to get to the top. "I wanted to come to Wimbledon last year," she told me, "but my father said I should wait until I had taken my teaching degree."

"You need only eight months to complete the course," he said. "Eight months to study, and the rest of your life to play. At the time I was disappointed, but now I think he was right."

Even when she was studying hard, Maria Esther still played championship tennis. "I used to go to school at seven, work until six, have a meal, rest, practice, go to bed at 11 and get up at three to study some more."

Tireless and Tough

"It was hard, but I got over it in about a fortnight after the exams. I graduated, AND I played tennis, which is what I cared about."

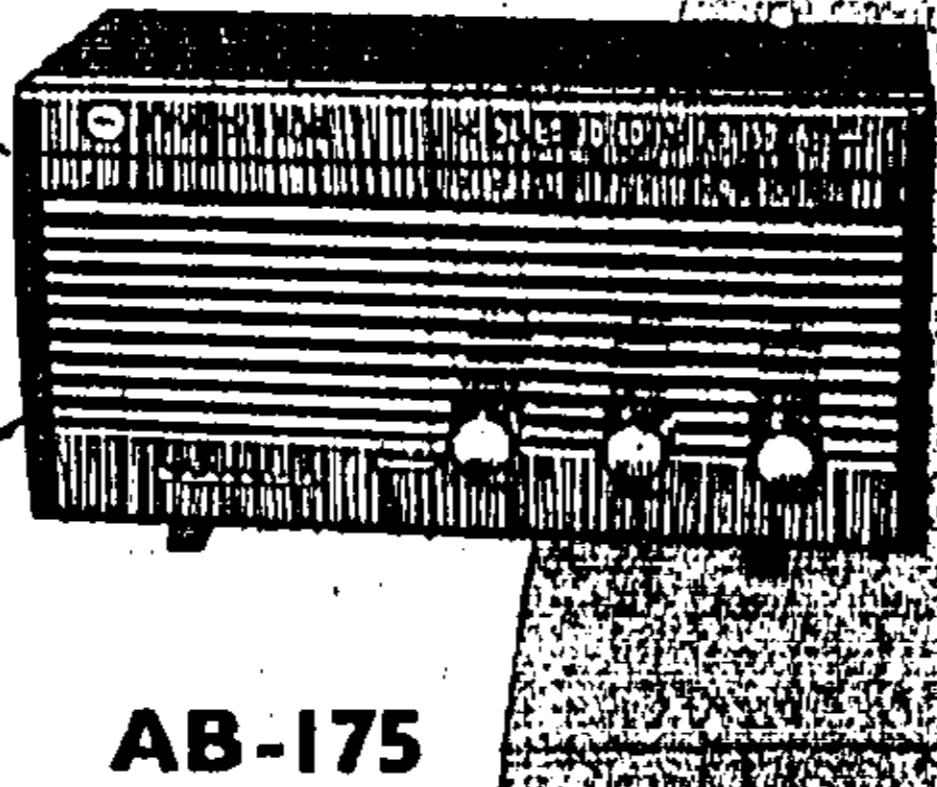
That "and" is typical of Maria Esther. She's as tireless and tough as a robot, with a dangerously quick mind. She speaks four languages fluently and has no faith in luck.

"I want to see everything, go everywhere," she said, and there was an unspoken addition to that sentence: "And win everything."

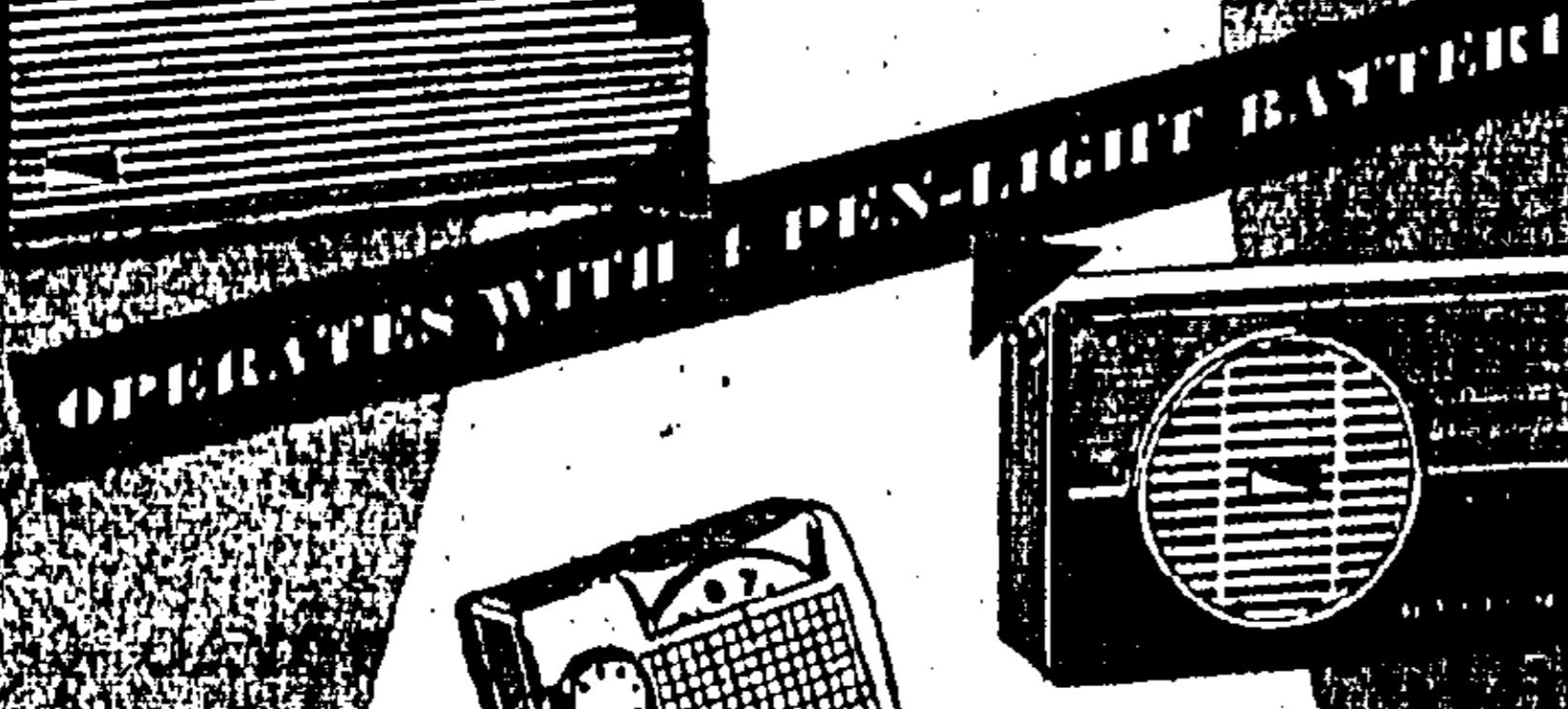
Because of teenagers like Christine Truman and Maria Esther Bueno alone, Wimbledon is worth watching. And it's not only tennis one sees, but life lived out in a game.

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Local Soccer Review

A HEKTIC BUT COMMONPLACE SEASON

Standard Lowest In Several Years

SOUTH CHINA ENJOYS CLEAR SUPERIORITY

By I. M. MACTAVISH

It is quite an effort to kindle very much enthusiasm for soccer topics in this hot humid weather and that's easy to understand when one remembers that our current season has stretched from early September until now.

That's a lot of soccer by any standards and I know that many of our players are glad that it's all over at last. Some of the Army players for example have had so much football in recent weeks that they looked almost relieved when they were narrowly beaten by South China in the semi-final of the Stanley Shield and were thus relieved of the necessity of playing another game.

It has been a rather hectic in-and-out season. They started in the most promising style by bagging a harvest of goals in their first game but soon their unpredictable defensive play told its own story and the goal harvests began to pile up at the wrong end.

The Army had a particularly contributing cause has been the disappointing form of KMB who, faced with the big occasion . . . and of course the total failure of Kitchee to produce the form to match the names on their team-sheet.

Another contributing cause has been capable of finishing in a much better position than they did.

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The Army had a particularly contributing cause has been the disappointing form of KMB who, faced with the big occasion . . . and of course the total failure of Kitchee to produce the form to match the names on their team-sheet.

At one time in the season they were seriously involved in relegation worries and only a good run just after the New Year saved them and they finally finished in a safe position. The worst defensive looks were eventually plugged by the industrious play of Mendun and Poole and by the arrival on the scene of Ginger Woodcock, but the continued inability of the forwards to get goals persisted right to the end of the season and in the closing games against Club and Jardines it looked as though they would never score.

In spite of the performance of these three teams, the season, in a domestic sense, has been hollow and empty. South China collected every honour there was to win and quite frankly they won some of them so easily the trophies must blush as they stand on the Caroline Hill side-board.

A Kingpin

It is a good thing to have a kingpin in any competition. It gives the others something to aim at and Britain today every league side dreams of the day it will beat Manchester United or Arsenal or Rangers in an important game.

In Hongkong however, the situation is getting out of hand. With their unlimited facilities South China enjoy an important fundamental advantage, but in addition their officials have disclosed a shrewdness and enterprise which no other club seems able to equal.

Long-term planning is essential to the continued progress of any football team yet it seems that of the powerful Chinese sides only South China tackle the problem seriously enough. Their record down through the years shows very clearly the quiet wisdom of their policy.

The two Services in the First Division have been a disappointment and the Royal Air Force have had their worst season in years. They finished up in the most inglorious fashion at the bottom of the league table and their future is now far from rosy. The sad thing about this tragedy is that the team lost many vital points at the beginning of the season which they should have won.

The soldiers' new-found team spirit was blasted to bits and believe that if they had won that day they would have gone on to a run of imposing successes.

Latter when they were again edged out by a solitary goal in the Senior Shield, in what will always be recalled as 'McNicol's Day,' they were desperately unlucky to lose. It is true South China enjoyed the greater share of the play but there was for once a threat in every Army ruld that came very close to carrying them to victory . . . and even when they looked certain to force a draw it was a fleeting but unpardonable indiscretion by left-back Lamb that cost him the game.

That was really the end of the Army as a top line attraction and they had to fight very hard indeed to ensure their continuation in the First Division.

Another bitter disappointment this season was the complete failure of the star-studded Sing Tao side to produce even a semblance of their '76 form of a couple of years ago.

The team was ripped from stem to stern by colliding from time to time, they should

POPO

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WISCRACKMAN



SPORTS QUIZ

- The man who captained England during the "Bodyline Tests" against Australia recently died at the age of 67. Name please.
 - What British and American teams have been captained this year by Mrs Mary Halford and Mrs Margaret du Pont respectively?
 - Who was the oldest world heavyweight boxing champion?
 - What sport would you see at Monza and Indianapolis?
 - With which athlete events do you associate (a) Robert Gutsowski, (b) Nina Ponomaryova, (c) Cheng Feng-yung?
 - Who holds the Olympic record for (a) 1,500 metres, (b) high-jump (c) long-jump?
 - Who was the last American to win the British Open Golf Championship?
 - The MV team recently set up a record at the Isle of Man. What is the MV team?
 - For which countries did these footballers play in the 1958 World Cup? (a) Nilton Santos, (b) Igor Neto?
 - What's the name: "Born 1941 . . . initials C.T. . . left school at 16 to concentrate on tennis . . . been a Wimbledon semi-finalist . . . has beaten Althea Gibson."
- (Answers on Page 19)

World's Best Soccer XI

By DAVID JACK

Back from the World Cup, I've been asked to nominate a World XI from all the great players I saw out there. I accept the challenge. Here's my team to tick the world:

Gregg (N. Ireland);

Do Sordi (Brazil);

Santos (Brazil);

Lidholm (Sweden);

Wright (England);

Gurincha (Brazil);

Fonfane (France);

Kopa (Poland);

Jordine (Wales);

Skoglund (Sweden).

The proposal never really had the remotest chance of success and the fact that I said a rather argumentative death merely confirmed that opinion. However during the discussion on the subject one vitally important point did come to light,

Correct Perspective

To get it in correct perspective it is necessary to look at the constitution of the Council of the HKFA. Councilors of the FA hold their positions solely as REPRESENTATIVES of clubs, groups of clubs, or affiliated bodies. They simply do not exist as individuals and therefore everything they do or say is surely heard and debated in council under the implication that it REPRESENTS the views of the club or organisation concerned.

Clubs and organisations do not, of course, choose blindly and generally their representative is nominated because the sponsoring body feel he is a man capable of using good judgment on a particular issue affecting their affairs.

But, as I understand the

articles of the FA, individualism starts and stops there. It is irreconcilable that a vital point of principle — such as the proposal to extend the First Division to seventeen clubs — can be put forward by two individual councillors, almost as a private bill, and later the same men openly state that their respective clubs had no say in making such a far-reaching proposal.

That simply doesn't make administrative sense... or alternatively, if it does, it opens up some very interesting possibilities.

...and finally a little talk piece.

The English Association of Football Referees and Linesmen held its Annual General Meeting at Weston-Super-Mare on June 21. In his address to the meeting Mr Alan Hardaker, the Secretary of the Football League said: "We are very concerned about the linesman who wants to be boss. His job is to help the man in the middle and, we take a dim view of the linesman who lets the referee down."

Don't we all....?



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Drama On The Centre Court

The Mystery Of The Two Helens

By DENNIS HART

It was devastating tennis. Winning shots slammed irresistibly across the Centre Court. Eight games were won in seven minutes.

And Helen Wills won her eighth Wimbledon women's singles title to set up a record that no one expects to be broken.

But the crowd watched in stifled silence. The final winning shot was greeted with only polite applause.

For on the receiving end of that tennis blitz was Helen Jacobs, a popular player, a gallant player, and now a lame player.

With the score standing at 4-4 in a tense first set and a thrilling struggle in prospect Miss Jacobs raced to the net to make a desperate return. She dropped dent, her face contorted with pain.

She had twisted an ankle which she had hurt the day before.

The crowd was stunned with sympathy and disappointment.

Dearly Wanted

Helen Jacobs had already been beaten in three Wimbledon finals by Miss Wills. She had won the title in 1936 when Miss Wills did not compete, but the determined Helen beat her greatest rival for the title.

At the start of this 1938 Wimbledon she seemed to have no chance. She had badly strained her shoulder and the authorities thought so little of her chances that she was not seeded.

Helen Jacobs' reply was to establish a record in becoming the only unseeded player to reach a Wimbledon final without dropping a set. On the way she beat three seeded players including the great Alice Marble.

No wonder that after that first silence the crowd murmured sympathetically, and it was some minutes before the noise died down and play could continue.

Stood Aloof

Throughout this, Helen Wills stood aloof at the far end of court until play could resume.

Then she unleashed that string of sizzling drives against an almost immobile opponent to win 6-4, 6-0.

So the curtain was rung down on the last act of the most mysterious Wimbledon drama of all—the rivalry of the "Two Helens."

The two players who had dominated women's tennis for ten years and whose rivalry was the talk of the tennis world, would never clash again.

They had met nine times. On eight of these victory went to Helen Wills. The only time Helen Jacobs won was in the

Answers To Sports Quiz

- Douglas Jardine.
- Wightman Cup teams.
- Jersey Joe Walcott. He won the title at 37.
- Motor-racing.
- (a) pole-vault, (b) discus, (c) high-jump.
- (a) Ron Delany, (b) Charles Dumas, (c) Jesse Owens.
- Bert Hogan.
- An Australian works motorcycle team.
- In Brazil, (b) Russia.
- Christina Truman.

THE GAMBOLS . . .

TO 'CUT AND SHOOT' HARRIS IS ALREADY NEXT WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP

Cut and Shoot, a community of a few hundred inhabitants just below Houston, Texas, boasts a petrol station, two churches—and the next heavyweight champion of the world.

For one of those few hundred inhabitants is Roy Harris, due to fight world heavyweight champion Floyd Patterson on August 18.

Whether or not Harris, a 23-year-old 2nd-Lieutenant in the Army reserves, does in fact beat Patterson is a matter of speculation—except to the worthy citizens of Cut and Shoot.

He is trained by his father Henry, a former bare-knuckle performer, and spars with brothers Tobe and Henry. A sign on the edge of the town proclaims: "Home of the future heavyweight champion of the world."

Harris combines fighting and army service with teaching. As a fighter he has won all his 22 bouts and chalked up wins over Willie Pastrano and Bob Baker.

He is trained by his father Henry, a former bare-knuckle performer, and spars with brothers Tobe and Henry.

He is trained by his father Henry, a former bare-knuckle performer, and spars with brothers Tobe and Henry.

**Histories Of The Clubs
STARTED AS A CRICKET TEAM—
But Became One Of Soccer's Greatest Sides**

By TIM GORDON

In recent seasons, the Preston North End side has been one of the biggest attractions in top-class soccer, if only for the performances of the incredible Tom Finney—perhaps the most complete footballer of our time.

Like so many other famous clubs, Preston sprang from a religious organisation. It was originally formed to play cricket.

The cricket club was born in 1892, but in 1897 there was a split in the membership. One section of the club continued to play cricket on its old ground. The other moved to the north part of Preston, and half-way through 1897 changed its name to North End.

In 1875 the North End cricketers leased a field at Deepdale (which has been the Preston soccer club's home ever since) and two years later, it was decided to form a rugby section to keep the members together during the winter months.

Preston Grasshoppers, the famous Rugby Union team, had been based in the area for that experiment; to succeed so during the season 1880-81 North End switched to the Association code.

Lost 16-0

The cricketers-turned-soccer players could hardly have been expected to perform wonders at first—not did they.

They lost their first game 10-0, to Blackburn Rovers. But it was not long before the name North End was beginning to mean something in soccer circles.

At that defeat in the 1883 Preston-Wimbledon final and the criticism and ill-feeling that was caused by Helen Wills and Helen Jacobs would say, "What do you mean? We are quite good girls." And they would say no more.

When they met off court people would wait for a word or sign of feeling. But always there was just—nothing.

For the fact is that although they grew up together, learned their tennis together, went to

the same college, each lived off-court as though the other did not exist.

For the imperious Helen Wills was famous not only from Helen Jacobs, but from the whole tennis world. At Wimbledon, for instance, where cars are laid on for the stars, she would always travel alone in an enormous limousine.

On court it seemed that Helen Wills' idea of playing tennis was to win. Her game was simple and powerful. She would seek out an opponent's weakness, then hammer it mercilessly.

Her tennis outfit were expensively plain. Her workmanlike approach was demonstrated by the introduction of tennis of the "Wills" eye shade. Her lack of expression earned her the name "Little Feller Face."

This was the tennis approach of a woman of striking beauty, of course, of many interests. Besides tennis she liked painting, swimming, and she was a brilliant artist. In 1929 she had an exhibition of paintings in London.

When asked for the reason of the "feud" both Helen Wills and Helen Jacobs would say, "What do you mean? We are quite good girls."

At that defeat in the 1883

Wimbledon final and the criticism and ill-feeling that was caused by Helen Wills and Helen Jacobs would say, "What do you mean? We are quite good girls."

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**Do you lack a PLAYROOM for your children
ON RAINY DAYS? Why not make space by
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140 STEEL SLOTTED ANGLE using your existing
bed frames. The children think it's fun and
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Page 20

CHINA MAIL

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1958.

SHEAFFER'S

ADMIRAL STORKEL PEN

The Speaker Called For ... Murder

Accra, Ghana, July 4. Uproar broke out in the National Assembly when an opposition member, Mr M. K. Apaloo, asked why a man called Yaw Manu, sentenced to 18 years' imprisonment for murder, had been released by the prison authorities.

Mr Apaloo asked: "Is it not a fact that the cabinet asked for a remission of the sentence because he is a member of the Convention People's Party who murdered a member of the opposition party?"

Mr K. A. Gbedehene, Minister of Finance, replied that the cabinet did not ask for his release, and Mr Ako Adjet, Minister of Justice, said the remission was granted by order of the Governor-General in the exercise of his powers of the royal prerogative.

Mr Apaloo retorted, "but the government are encouraging murders in the country."

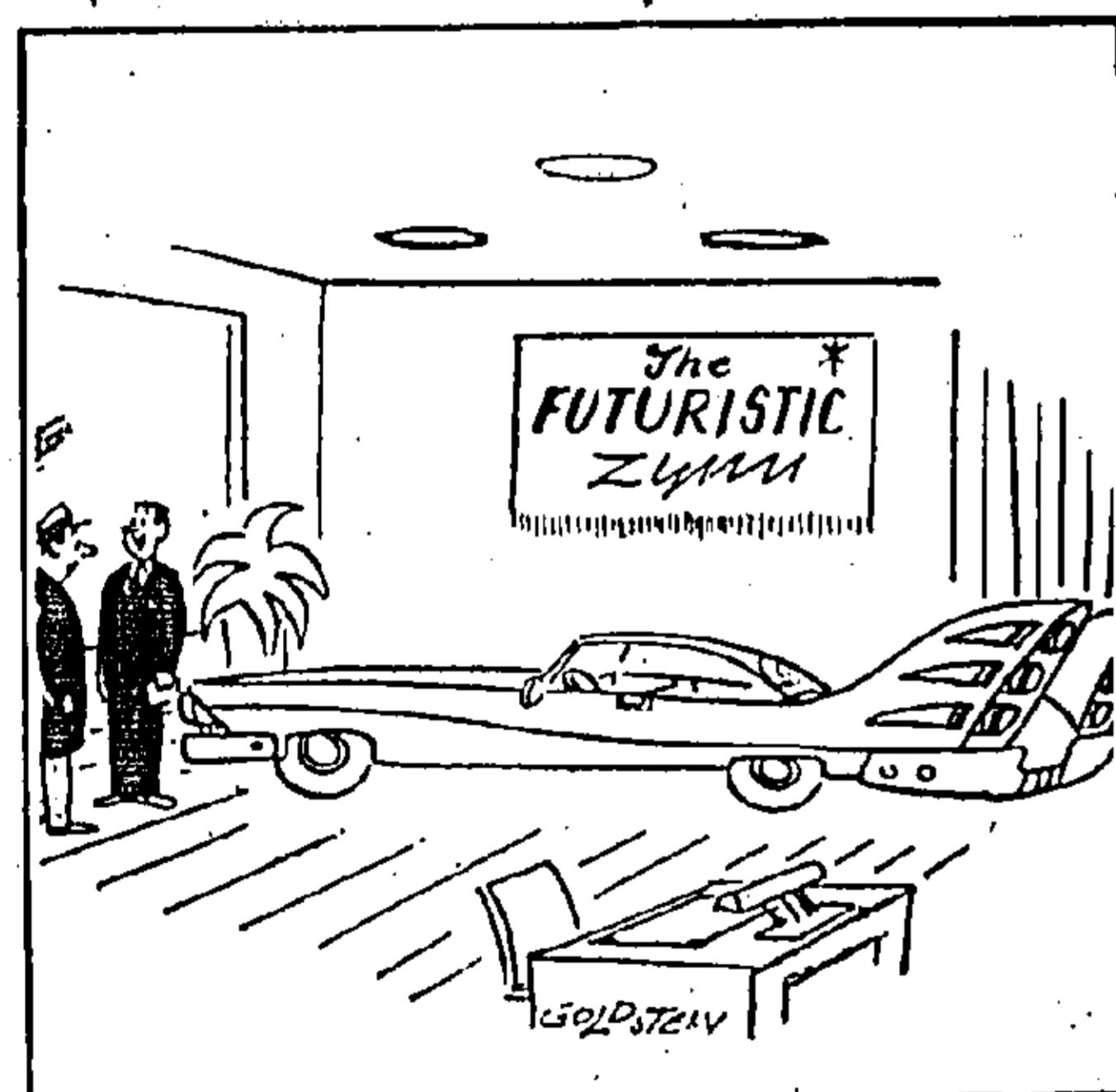
Mr Koh Busko, Minister of Information, said: "When the opposition were killing people in Ashanti, we were thinking of how to save other people."

After Mr D.F. Kumi of the United Party had denied that the opposition had killed any one in Ashanti, the speaker called for "murder is an order."—China Mail Special.

DARTWORDS SOLUTION

VENUS, Mile, Mine, Wine,
Wage, Wake, Lake, Swan, Scars, Cane,
Cata, Paw, Saw, Saying, Saving,
the, Garage, Game, Water, Wages,
Permitting, Letting, Betting, Setting,
Sitting, Pretty, Pass, Mountain, Fountain,
Agnes, Ages, Rock, Book, Swindle,
Diving, Diving, Diving, Shirk, Scream, Stream, Gulf, Gulp,
Shrike, Swallow, Shallow, Hallow, Mallow,
Marsh, MAIRS.

This Funny World



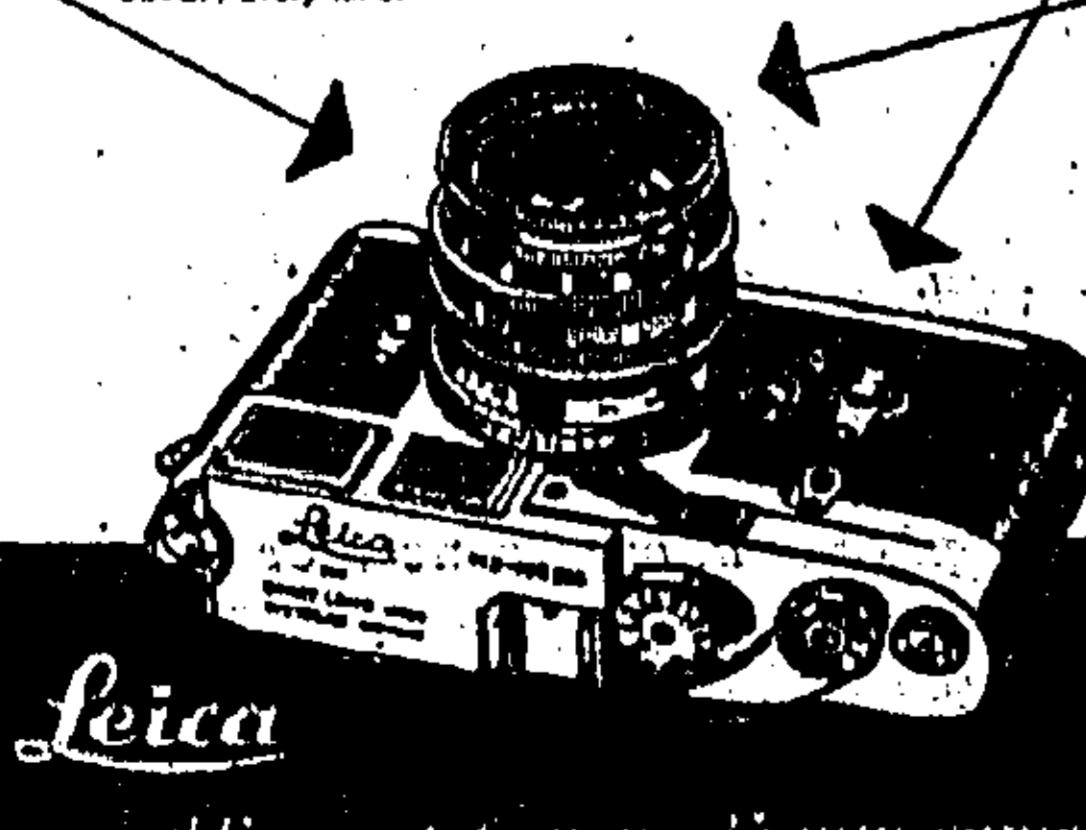
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for those
who want the best

No other miniature camera in the world offers the exclusive LEITZ standard of quality and reliability that is synonymous with the name LEICA.

Compare the LEICA with any other 35mm camera. Look carefully at details of design and construction before making your choice. You will find that the LEICA is indeed something for those who want the best.

Ask anyone who owns a LEICA. He will tell you that for quality results experienced photographers choose LEICA every time.



world's most famous 35 mm camera

ON SALE AT LEADING PHOTO DEALERS

INDONESIAN ARMY BEGINS MOPPING UP

Military Leaders' Conference Talk Cash & Express Hopes

Jakarta, July 4. The army said today military experts from Indonesia's outer regions had just ended a financial and economic conference in Jakarta.

The communiqué mentioned delegates from Aceh, North Sumatra, would also discuss with the army and civil leaders the security problems of their region.

Meanwhile, Major-General Abdul Nasution, the Army Chief of Staff, in a rare statement today referred to the challenge facing the nation after the rebellion on Sumatra and the Celebes Islands.

General Nasution said: "We are finishing the first stage of our operations—that is, to control the cities and communications."

"After that the Indonesian Army still has to finish the second stage, that is to destroy the enemy remnants retreating in Timpanuli, West Sumatra and the North Celebes."

He said military leaders would like to express their heartfelt wish that all sacrifices would not be for nothing and that conditions would indeed reach a stage of improvement.

His message was issued on the 31st anniversary of the Indonesian Nationalist Party, the Republic's biggest political group.—Reuter.

Wimbledon Men's Singles

I Thought I Would Win

Wimbledon, July 4. After winning the men's singles title at Wimbledon today, Australia's Ashley Cooper said: "I was never over-confident but I thought that I would win, having beaten Neale before."

The new champion, speaking of his final opponent, Australian Neale Fraser, said: "I think Fraser has played better but he got me a little worried in the first set when he was getting the service in and covering the court like lightning."

Cooper said he planned to play on the continuing for the next three weeks and then go to America for the national championships at Forest Hills.

Asked if he was thinking of turning professional he replied: "I have no comment to make on that, but I shall definitely be playing for Australia, if I am selected in the challenge rounds of the Davis Cup at the end of this year."—France-Presse.

American Tennis

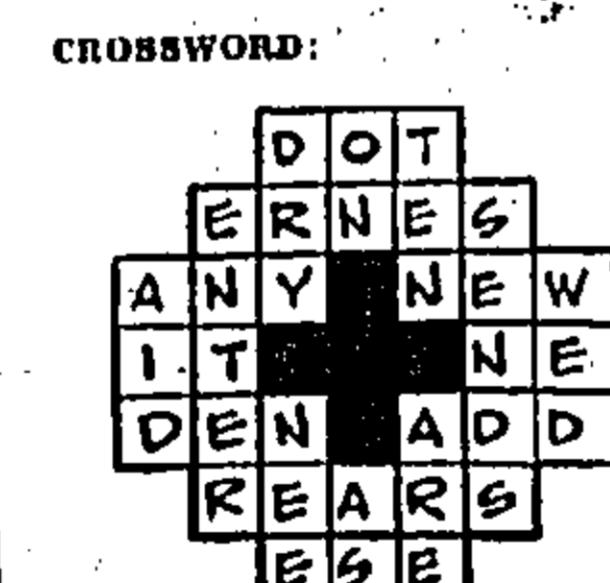
Toronto, July 5. Rain prevented play on the second day of the first round North American Davis Cup lawn tennis tie between Canada and Cuba yesterday.

The doubles match was postponed until today, Canada has a 2-0 lead and need one more win to clinch the tie.—Reuter.

Tough Year

New York, July 4. Police Commissioner Stephen Kennedy announced yesterday that during the year ended June 30, two of the City's policemen were killed, 313 were assaulted and 1,065 were injured in auto accidents.—UPI.

BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS:



DROP OUTS: Thigh; Skin; Nerve;
Feet; Eyes; COMPARE: Stones break
more bones than words;
WHAT'S WRONG?: Boy's nose
missing and he has one ear off and
one eye missing; chair; TV isn't upright; no nail in
wall to hold up picture.

TRIANGLE: CAPTURE;
ARREST; PELLE;
THEE; USE
THE; E;

The winner of today's race
will be recognised as un-
disputed world champion.

—Reuter.

And twice Mackenzie has
crushed Ivanov—in the
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in the 1957 European
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many.

Twice Mackenzie has
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Heats and finals of the 1956
Olympic Games in Mel-
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And twice Mackenzie has
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—Reuter.

They will play-off over 38
holes today.—Reuter.

—Reuter.

—Reuter